

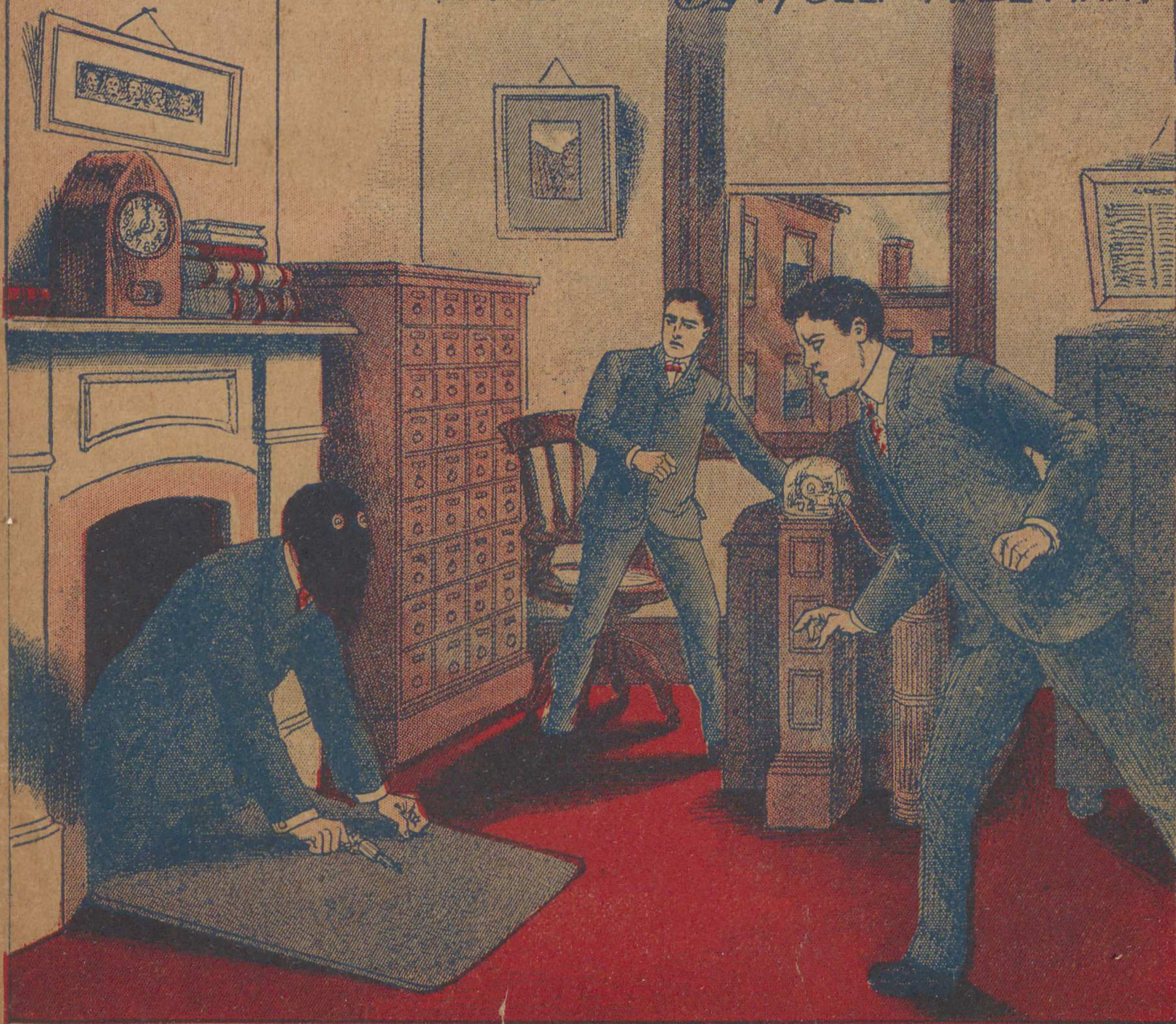
FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

A CORNER IN STOCK; OR, THE WALL STREET BOY WHO WON.

AND OTHER STORIES

By A SELF-MADE MAN.



A strange, scraping noise behind the grate screen attracted the attention of the boys. "What's that?" asked Sam, jumping up. Bertie started forward to investigate. Suddenly the screen fell forward with a crash, revealing a masked man, revolver in hand

FA ME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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A CORNER IN STOCK

OR, THE WALL STREET BOY WHO WON

By A SELF-MADE MAN

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CHAPTER I.—Ed Bertie And His Friend, Sam Rogers.

LOST OR STOLEN—A japanned tix box, containing 5 per cent. gold bonds of the Louisville Southern Railway, of \$1,000 each, numbered 10,609, 10,610, 12,208, 12,209, 12,210, 15,001 to 15,010; also several promissory notes and two mortgages. Finder please notify Jordan, Black & Co., No. — Broadway, New York City.

Ed Bertie read the foregoing, printed in capital letters in a prominent part of the financial page of a morning daily as he and his friend Sam Rogers were riding downtown in a subway car to business on the morning before the Fourth of July. Bertie was a poor boy; that is, he had no prospects except what he made for himself. He was employed as messenger by Richard Gilder, a stock broker, of No. — Wall Street, and Mr. Gilder had long since arrived at the conclusion that he was the best office boy he had ever had. His father and mother were dead, and he lived with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Fenn, in a small detached, shabby-looking cottage in the Bronx. The Fenns were meant, close, parsimonious people, so it may easily be supposed that Eddie did not live on the fat of the land. Mrs. Fenn made no bones about taking the boy's eight dollars wages every Saturday, as regular as clock-work, and she doled out to him every morning twenty cents for car fare and a frugal meal. It seemed to Eddie as though the money stuck to her long talon-like fingers as she grudgingly handed it to him at the very last moment before he left the house. Mr. Fenn was in the real estate business in the Bronx, and he had a small office on Boston Road. He was also an agent for a life and fire insurance company. He made enough money to live well, but such was neither his disposition nor his wife's. It would probably have given them both an attack of heart failure if their living expenses had exceeded the stated sum per week that they were accustomed to expend. He owned the cottage in which they lived, but he was too stingy to improve its rusty look with even a single coat of cheap paint. As long as the roof did not leak, and the wind and cold did not find a crack through which to in-

sinuate themselves they were satisfied. The neighbors regarded the dwelling as an eye-sore, and some of them wondered why Mr. Fenn did not keep it in better shape; but after all it was in perfect keeping with the owner's shabby garments and his wife's somewhat slatternly attire.

The only really presentable object about the place was Eddie. He was always neat, clean, and well dressed.

One might well wonder how it was that the Fenns disbursed the price of a good suit for the boy, together with other necessary etceteras, when the master himself wore the same clothes he had bought ten years before.

The reason is that the lad simply had to be well dressed to hold his job in Wall Street, and they couldn't get away from that fact.

"How would you like to find that box, Sam?" said Eddie, pointing to the advertisement about the stolen japanned case. "It might mean a reward of 100."

"I'd like to find it first rate," replied Sam, after reading the notice; "but no such luck is likely to come my way. I sometimes think that I'm lucky to be alive, for my folks are not very prosperous. As a matter of fact, we're only living from hand to mouth, for rent and living expenses are dreadful high these times."

"One would think so to listen to the way my aunt groans over the housekeeping bills," replied Eddie.

"I don't see why she should, when Mr. Fenn has no rent to pay."

"That doesn't make any difference. A dollar looks as large to Mr. and Mrs. Fenn as a thirty-story office building does to a countryman new to the city."

Eddie might have said a ten-cent piece and he would have hit the nail on the head just the same.

"Your uncle must be saving money."

"I'll bet he is, for he takes precious good care to let as little as possible get away from him."

"I don't see how you manage to make him cough up the price of the good clothes you wear, or where you get your spending money from."

"I've got to have the clothes to work in Wall Street. I frighten my aunt into providing them whenever I think I need a new suit by telling her

that if I didn't get the clothes she'd lose the eight dollars every Saturday."

"That brought her to time, did it?" laughed Sam.

"You bet it did. She's so prompt to greet me when I come home early on Saturday that I almost believe she watches for me with a telescope."

Sam laughed heartily at that remark.

"How much does she allow you for carfare and pocketmoney?" he asked.

"Twenty cents a day, and it's like drawing a tooth to get it from her."

"Twenty cents! That leaves you only ten cents for your lunch. Why, I saw you pay a quarter yesterday for a plate of stew, a cup of coffee, and a hunk of home-made apple pie. Where did you get the extra money?"

"I often get a tip from a broker—usually a quarter. Sometimes I've made two dollars in a week that way."

"Of course you don't tell your aunt about this extra revenue?"

"I should say not. She wouldn't give me a moment's rest till I gave it up to her. For a long time she kicked about giving me the dime for lunch. She wanted me to carry my lunch down with me—a slice of stale bread, and a couple of consumptive-looking pieces of cheese. Then she tried to tempt me with a small slice of dried apple pie. I wouldn't have it. I told her that people didn't bring their lunch to Wall Street, as a rule, and that it would make me look mean to do so. She didn't mind how mean it looked, so I had to tell her that Mr. Gilder might not stand for it, and that scared her. It would give her a fit to lose the eight dollars."

"If I was in your shoes I think I'd cut away from such people altogether. You make enough to support yourself, and I don't suppose that you're under any especial obligation to your relatives."

"Well, I don't like to light out, though I don't fare any too well. The fact is, I've lived so long with the Fenns that I'm accustomed to their penuriousness. By and by, when I get another raise, I may make a change."

"When you do that I'll bet there will be weeping and wailing at the cottage," grinned Sam.

"I haven't the least doubt about it; but they'll be able to take comfort out of the fact that they won't have to buy me any more clothes in that case."

"Nor they won't have to feed you, either. I suppose you're a pretty healthy eater, like myself."

"My aunt doesn't pamper my appetite any. We seldom have a feast at the house. That only happens when Mrs. Fenn's cousin calls to see her. He's a well-to-do farmer up in Orange County, and as he's a bachelor, and doesn't care to get married, she's looking to come into what he's worth when he dies."

"Does he look as if he might die within a reasonable time?" chuckled Sam.

"No, he doesn't. He's as tough as a pine knot, and likely to live for many years. He's a pretty good sort of man, and I rather like him."

"Well, if he likes you, too, he might leave you something in his will."

"I'm not looking for anything from him, or

anyone else either. I'm able and willing to hoe my own row. One of these days I mean to be a stock broker."

"You'll have to get some capital together before you can branch out in that direction. It takes a stack of coin to make money in Wall Street."

"Oh, it doesn't take so much to make a start. For instance, if I had \$100 now I could easily double it inside of the next ten days."

"You could?"

Eddie nodded.

"How?" asked Sam inquisitively.

"Oh, a broker who's friendly to me gave me a pointer yesterday on a certain stock. A pool of brokers is forming to boom it, and all a fellow has to do to make a haul is to get in on the ground floor with them, and sell out when he thinks it has gone up nearly as high as it's going."

"What's the name of the stock that's going to be boomed?"

"I promised not to say a word about the matter, and I've got to keep my word. I guess you haven't any coin to invest, anyway, so it wouldn't do you any good to know."

"I only wanted to know out of curiosity."

"Well, if you find that japanned tin box with the missing bonds and other documents, and collar a good reward, I'll see if I can't put you in the way of making a stake."

"Thanks. There is about as much chance of me finding that box as there is of my taking a trip to the moon. Come on—here's Wall Street."

The train rolled into the underground station and the two boys hastened to make their way to the sidewalk, and their respective offices.

CHAPTER II.—Ed Explains to a Fair Young Lady the Mystery of Marginal Speculation.

Ed Bertie was usually the first to reach his office, and this morning was no exception to the rule. There were a number of letters on the floor, close to the corridor door that the carrier had left on his first round; also the Wall Street Daily Argus. Eddie gathered them all up, put the letters on Mr. Gilder's desk, and taking the Argus over to the chair where he sat when in the office, proceeded to look up the preceding day's record of the stock market, and to read all the important paragraphs about what was going on, or expected to materialize, in the Street. The two junior clerks came in shortly, and right afterward Sadie Garwood, the stenographer.

"Good morning, Sadie," said the messenger.

"Good morning, Eddie," she answered with a smile, for she and Eddie were the very best of friends.

"You're looking as sweet as a pound of candy," continued the boy.

"Aren't you just too complimentary for anything," she replied.

"I was brought up to tell the truth if I broke a leg," chuckled Eddie.

"Well, I feel very much flattered, I am sure," she replied, with a coquettish glance.

"Did you meet your devoted admirer, Herbert Brinsley, this morning?" he asked.

"My admirer!"

"Sure. I never saw a man so gone on a girl before. He actually offered me a nickel tip yesterday noon in the corridor to bring you a bunch of violets he bought from a street vender expressly for you."

"Why, the idea!"

"I refused to deprive him of the nickel for fear he might run short of spending money, and I told him that you'd appreciate his present ever so much more if he gave it to you personally."

"Haven't you a check to tell him such a thing as that? You know I don't like him at all. I try my best to avoid him, but he's just too persistent for anything."

"Do you blame him when he thinks so much of you?"

"I don't want anything to do with him."

"Shall I tell him that?"

"Not as coming from me. I don't want to insult the man. But if you can make him understand in a roundabout way that his attentions are not agreeable to me, you will be doing me a favor."

"I'm always pleased to do you a favor, Sadie, so I'll see what I can do to relieve you of this dude. He does dress pretty swell for an ordinary clerk. Maybe he's an English lord in incognito. You don't know what you may be losing by giving him the shake."

"I'll take my chance of that," she replied, laughingly, as she turned away and walked into the counting-room.

Soon afterward Mr. Gilder came in and entered his private office. After placing his hat on the top of his desk he sat down to look over his mail. After he had gone through the letters and made some notes on the back of each, he rang for Eddie and told him to send Sadie in to take dictation. In the meantime he scribbled short replies to two of the letters himself, and after enclosing them in envelopes told Eddie to deliver them to the parties whose names he had written on the outside. When Eddie got back there were several customers in the room. Some were reading the marks on the indicator tape, others waiting their turn to see Mr. Gilder on business.

There was more or less conversation going on relating to affairs of the Street, and in this way Eddie managed to pick up much valuable information that proved of great advantage to him later on. Among Mr. Gilder's customers were several cranks who brought him very little money but were always anxious to use up some of his valuable time. One was a woman who kept a boarding house on one of the side streets of the Tenderloin, the others were men who had more gall than money. Eddie had them all spotted, and sidetracked them by all sorts of devices when they insisted on an interview with his employer.

He had to be careful in this, however, as sometimes they had real business with Mr. Gilder, and it was up to Eddie to find out whether it was worth the broker's while to see them. If it wasn't Mr. Gilder was always out to them. The one he had the greatest trouble with was Mrs. Bunker, the boardinghouse lady. She was both foxy and persistent, and could stretch the truth further than anyone Eddie had ever met before. He never liked to see her walk into the office, and consequently he was not overpleased when the door opened this morning soon after his return

and admitted the skinny-looking madam. On this occasion, however, she was accompanied by a very pretty girl, and that made a difference in his treatment of her. He went to her and asked her what he could do for her.

"I want to see Mr. Gilder, if you please."

"Take a seat, and after these gentlemen have seen him I will take your name in."

"But I want to see him right away."

"It is the rule of the office that callers must take their turn, ma'am."

"That's well enough for the men, but remember I am a lady."

"Unless your business is of special importance, I cannot make an exception in your favor."

"My business is of special importance, and I am in a very great hurry."

Bertie had heard this from her often enough to make him wary.

"If you will let me know what your business is, I'll tell Mr. Gilder."

"Why, the idea! Just as if I would tell my business to an office boy. It is perfectly absurd!"

"But I am instructed to find out what visitors' business is. Mr. Gilder is a very busy man, and has no time to lose. He is due at the Exchange now, so I doubt if he will be able to see you, that is, unless you have a matter of particular importance to bring to his notice."

"I just told you that——"

"I know, ma'am; but you will facilitate matters greatly for yourself if you tell me the object of your call."

"I don't think you are very polite to me, young man," she said with some impatience. "Have you a pad so I can write a few words?"

"Certainly," replied Eddie, politely.

He got her a pad and a pencil. She wrote something on the first sheet, tore it off, folded it carefully and handed it to the boy.

"Take that in to Mr. Gilder."

"Yes, ma'am."

Eddie knocked at the door of the private room, and being told to come in, he entered.

"Mrs. Bunker is outside," he said. "She says her business is important, and told me to give you this."

The broker opened the paper and read the writing. He pondered a moment and then told Ed Bertie to admit her when her turn came. The boy delivered the boss's answer to her.

"Must I wait till these four men have been in?" she asked in a tone of disgust.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I've a great mind to take my business to another broker."

Eddie had no doubt but that Mr. Gilder would be delighted to have her do so. He said nothing, however, and went back to his chair. At last Mrs. Bunker's turn came and he ushered her inside. The reception-room was nearly empty now. The pretty girl who came with Mrs. Bunker walked over to the ticker and looked at it with some curiosity. Then she cast a shy glance at Eddie and looked as if she wanted to say something. He went up to her and asked her if she knew how the machine worked.

"No; but I wish you would tell me," she replied, in a charming way.

"Certainly, Miss——"

"Rice," she said.

Bertie bowed and proceeded to explain the ins and outs of the indicator. She appeared to be very much interested.

"I've heard my aunt speak about it very often, and I was curious to see it."

"Is Mrs. Bunker your aunt, Miss Rice?"

"Yes. Will you tell me how you buy a stock on a margin? That's the way my aunt buys shares but I never could quite understand how she does it."

"With pleasure," answered Eddie, quite taken with the charming girl. "This is the way it is done: Suppose you have received information which leads you to believe that stock now selling at \$100 a share will increase in value, and you decide to speculate in that stock. Your capital is, say, \$1,000, only enough to buy ten shares outright. Feeling sure that the stock will advance, you go to a broker, and he will buy 100 shares of that stock for your account, and carry the purchase upon your deposit of \$1,000. That will him give a margin of ten per cent. for his security. You will give him your money and a regular order for the purchase of the 100 shares, the market value of which is \$10,000. The broker will then go upon the floor of his exchange, and of a fellow broker who is selling, purchase these 100 shares, giving the other trader his check for \$10,000. The broker who figures as the seller in this transaction must make actual delivery of the certificates. Should he be selling for a customer who is going 'short' of the market—that is one who, without really owning the shares, sells them in anticipation of a decline in price—he must borrow the certificates, or purchase them himself, to make actual delivery to the broker who is acting for you, see?"

Miss Rice thought she understood and nodded with a smile.

"These certificates your broker holds as his security for the \$9,000 he has advanced to complete your trade. Now you are only one of a large number of customers doing business with this broker. It would take an immense capital for any trader to be able to carry all his accounts with his own funds. If your broker's capital is all tied up in other deals at the time, he will go to his bank and, depositing the shares he has just bought for your account, as collateral security, borrow on his note as large a percentage of their full market value as the banker will lend. The financial burden of this transaction is, in the main, carried by the banker. He holds as security for the loan made to your broker the 100 shares which the broker bought for your account. The bank charges him interest at the prevailing market rate on the amount of his loan while he charges your account with interest on the \$9,000. The interest and the commission he charges you is the price you pay for the facilities afforded you for speculating to the extent of ten times your capital. Do you understand, Miss Rice?"

"I think I do," she answered sweetly.

"Now suppose your 100 shares advance in value ten points, or \$10 per share? When they are quoted at 110 you order your broker to sell them, and he does so. The broker who buys the shares from your broker gives him his check for \$11,000. Then your broker goes to his bank, pays his indebtedness, gets the 100 shares back and delivers them to the trader who bought them at

110. Your broker hands you his check for \$2,000 (being the amount of your deposit, plus the profit of \$1,000) minus the amounts charged against you for interest and commission. There you have the whole thing in a nutshell."

"But suppose the stock declined in value?" said Miss Rice. "Would I lose all of the \$1,000?"

"If the stock declined several points, your broker would call on you to put up additional margin to cover the slump in price. If you failed to respond, and the stock went down low enough to wipe out all of your original deposit except such portion as would be required to pay interest and commissions, your broker would sell your 100 shares on the market at the depreciated price, and with the proceeds pay his indebtedness to the bank, and satisfy his own commission charges. That would leave you out in the cold."

"Thank you ever so much for the explanation, Mr.——"

"My name is Ed Bertie."

"I am indeed greatly obliged to you, Mr. Bertie, and thank you very much," said the fair girl, with a charming smile.

At that moment Mrs. Bunker came out of the private office, and taking her niece by the arm they both walked out of the office together.

CHAPTER III.—The Hawk and the Dove.

The next day being Fourth of July, a national holiday, Ed didn't have to go to work.

"What are you goin' to do with yourself to-day, nephew?" inquired Mr. Fenn at the breakfast table.

"I haven't decided yet, Uncle Peter," replied Bertie, as he sipped his rather weak coffee, the beverage not being up to the usual standard of strength on account of Mrs. Fenn's economical method of making the article.

"You might weed the garden, if you don't mind," suggested Mr. Fenn.

"I don't know as I'd care to work on a holiday, uncle," answered Eddie.

"It's better than to waste your time watchin' the boys fire off crackers, and sich tomfoolery."

"Fourth of July comes but once a year, uncle."

"I reckon that's once too often for sensible people," grunted Mr. Fenn.

"You didn't look at it that way when you was a boy, I'll bet."

"I ain't responsible for what I did when I was a boy, but I don't believe I made sich an all-fired fool of myself as the boys do nowadays."

"You had a good time, didn't you?"

"I suppose I did," admitted Mr. Fenn, rather reluctantly, as if the fact that he had enjoyed himself like other boys on the Glorious Fourth was something to be ashamed of.

"You fired off crackers by the pack——"

"No, I didn't," interrupted his uncle, vigorously. "I wasn't no sich fool as to send my money all up in smoke at once. I fired 'em one at a time."

"One at a time! That's a good way to make them last."

"I shall want you to go to the store for me after breakfast, Edward," put in Mrs. Fenn at this point.

"I'll do it, Aunt Pen."

Her name was Penelope, but Eddie shortened it because he thought it sounded better that way.

"There is a list of things I want, and here is the money for 'em. I know jist what they cost so the grocery clerk can't get the best of me."

She said this emphatically.

"Supposing some of the things have gone up in price?" said Eddie.

"There hain't no call for 'em to go up," snapped the lady.

"I thought the Trusts were always getting in their fine work on the necessities of life," hazarded Eddie. "My friend, Sam Rogers, says things are higher every time he goes to the grocery store."

"Well, I hain't agoin' to pay no more'n is down on that paper, that's all there is to it," said Mrs. Fenn decidedly.

Eddie went to the store with the list in a little while, and fortunately the price had not advanced on anything that his aunt wanted, so there was no argument between him and the clerk. Having executed his errand to his aunt's satisfaction, he went around to Sam Rogers's flat, several blocks distant, and spent the morning with him.

"Sorry we can't go off together somewhere this afternoon," said Sam, "but I've got to go to Jersey City on business for my father. I wish it was any other day he picked out to send me, but it can't be helped."

"I guess I'll take a ride over Pelham way after dinner," said Eddie. "I want to see how the country looks in that direction."

"That wouldn't be exciting enough for me," grinned Sam. "I might do that on a Sunday, but the Fourth—not for Joseph."

Eddie laughed, and shortly afterward he went home to dinner, which was in no wise different on the Fourth than any other day. On the whole Eddie preferred his fifteen cent lunch down town to the midday holiday meal served up by Mrs. Fenn. After Eddie had finished his frugal dinner he put on his hat and left the cottage. He caught a trolley car, and rode toward Pelham Manor. When within a mile of that place he got off and walked over to a stretch of wooded land in that vicinity. He had brought a paper-covered copy of a story which he had been reading by instalments for some little time, and his object was to seek a cool spot in the woods and spend the afternoon finishing the story.

After penetrating the leafy ten-acre plot, he spied a sheltered knoll about the middle of the wood and walked over to it. A big oak tree rose out of the center of it. As he was about to seat himself at the foot of the gnarled old trunk his eyes picked out a better roosting place in the crotch of the tree about a dozen feet above the ground. The light breeze rustling the branches, through which the sun's rays filtered in a subdued fashion, suggested that this elevated perch offered advantages superior to the ground, so he climbed up there and, with his back resting comfortably against the trunk, and his legs stretched out on the powerful limb which sprang out at a right angle, he opened his book and was soon deeply interested in the haps and mishaps of the hero.

Bertie might have been thus engaged for the best part of an hour when he was aroused from

the realm of fiction by the appearance in the knoll of two young men, one of whom carried a small oblong package done up in a newspaper. One of the men he recognized as a Wall Street clerk employed by Broker Adams, whose office was across the corridor from Mr. Gilder's. His name was Herber Brinsley, and he was something of a dude. He was the same person who for some time back had been pressing his attentions upon Sadie Garwood, Mr. Gilder's stenographer. For that reason and others Eddie didn't like him, and it is quite probable the feeling was mutual.

He was an uncommonly good-looking fellow, with a shrewd look about him that seemed to indicate that he never went to sleep when it was necessary for his interests to remain wideawake. His companion on this occasion was a sprucely dressed young fellow not over twenty-one, who looked as if he belonged to one of the best families, and might have just got out of college. It was he who carried the package under his arm, and his actions indicated nervousness and indecision.

"This will be as good a spot as any we could find to bury that box," said Herbert Brinsley, pointing to the roots of the big oak tree.

"I suppose so," replied his companion in a wavering tone.

"You suppose so? Why, of course it is. What's the matter with you, anyway, Frank Jordon?" added Brinsley, sharply. "You seem to be afflicted with a bad state of funk ever since you got that box in your possession."

"I wish I hadn't taken it," replied the other, gloomily.

"Oh, you do, eh?" sneered Brinsley. "Well, your repentance comes too late."

"I don't know. I could put it back just as I took it."

"Then your father would understand right away that you are the thief."

"Why should he if I returned it without his knowledge?"

"Because the box has been missed and is advertised for."

"I know that; but——"

"Oh, rats with your butts! Why did you take it if you're so anxious all at once to return it without taking advantage of its possession?"

"Because you persuaded me to do so."

"I persuaded you? Well, I like that. I merely suggested to you how you could cancel the small debt you owe me."

"It's a pretty big debt, I think. It's over \$200."

"That oughtn't to be more than a flea-bite for a fellow like you, who has a rich father to fall back on."

"I only get a stated allowance of \$50 a month for pocket money, and I've spent my July portion already, or at least I used it to pay up sundry small debts that had accumulated, including \$25 to yourself which you said you had to have. Then you insisted that I pay you the \$200 also, though I told you it was out of my power to do so. You threatened to call on my father and tell him that I had lost that sum to you playing cards. I told you that it wouldn't do you any good, but would do me a whole lot of harm. My father's favorite brother, my Uncle Hal, ruined himself gambling and my father is intensely bitter on the subject. He has warned me several times never to risk a

dollar that way. Well, I disobeyed him, and now I'm in a hole. I dare say I deserve all the trouble I've brought on myself, but I never thought I should do anything so low as to rob my father. If he found it out he'd never forgive me," concluded young Jordan with much emotion.

"There's no reason he should find it out. He doesn't suspect you so far, but he certainly would if you were such an idiot as to put the box back. As to robbing your father, that's all poppycock. You've only borrowed a portion of what will come to you some day in the course of natural events. Besides, now that the bonds are advertised for by numbers, it will be out of the question to successfully dispose of them. Therefore I told you that the proper thing to do is to bury the box here near your home for a time, until your father comes out with an offer of a substantial reward. Then we'll come here, dig up the box, and I'll communicate with your father, give him a cock-and-bull story of how I accidentally saw a couple of hard-looking men bury the box, and thinking the act a suspicious one I waited till they went away and then dug it up. How I kept it a few days, waiting to see if it would be advertised for, before turning it over to the police. That will satisfy him, because he will be glad to get the \$15,000 worth of bonds back, as well as the other documents that appear to be in the box. I expect he'll pay me at least \$500, and after taking out the \$200 you owe me I'll turn over the balance, or \$300, to you. Then you'll be on Easy Street once more, with your financial horizon as clear as a bell. Why, I couldn't have suggested a more satisfactory scheme for you to raise the wind and settle your score with me at the same time. Instead of feeling sore against me, as you appear to be, you ought to feel infinitely obliged to me, for I am really doing you a friendly turn."

Brinsley spoke in a most persuasive and enticing way, with an air of injured friendship, and Frank Jordan appeared to be much impressed by his oily eloquence.

"Well, as long as my father will get his property back all right in a way that will not connect me with the matter, I am willing to let you manage the affair as you think best. You have had more experience in the world than I."

"Of course I have," replied Brinsley, glibly. "I am simply advising you for your own good. You're a clever young chap, and we've had a number of good times together seeing the elephant, so I regard it as my duty to lift you out of your difficulties," he added, plausibly.

"It is friendly on your part to take an interest in me, though I wish you hadn't suggested that I take the box when I told you how easily I could gain access to it. However, I don't mind that so much now since the box is to be returned to my father in a roundabout way, and he won't suffer any particular loss through me."

"Of course he won't. Five hundred dollars is a mere bagatelle to him. He'll put it down to profit and loss, and then forget all about it. You'll be a substantial gainer in coin, your father won't hear of your gambling peccadilloes, and if you are so disposed you can turn over a new leaf, and I'll help you do it."

Brinsley's seductive arguments prevailing, young Jordan produced a small garden trowel,

the box, just as it was, was buried at the foot of the tree, and the human hawk and dove walked away together, arm in arm.

CHAPTER IV.—Eddie Recovers And Returns The Japanned Tin Box.

Eddie Bertie had, of course, been an unseen listener to the foregoing conversation, and an observer of the burial of the box.

To say that he was astonished at what he heard and saw would but mildly express his feelings. Finding himself an unintentional eavesdropper of a suspicious interview he remained as quiet as a mouse in his hole until the actors in the little drama which transpired below had walked away out of sight. Then he began to consider the situation.

"I never did like Herbert Brinsley, and I now have less reason to do so than ever, for he seems to be something of a rascal at heart. He's got acquainted with this young Frank Jordan, who appears to be the only son of a rich man, and a chap easily influenced because of his lack of knowledge of the ways of the world. He's several years older than me, but dear me, I couldn't be such a chump as he is. Why, he ought to be able to see that Brinsley is playing him for all he's worth. Herbert is cleverer in a disreputable way than I gave him credit for. He may be a dude in dress and manners, but there seem to be no flies on him. He got in with young Jordan somehow, and then laid himself out to skin him to the queen's taste. That box is evidently the one I saw advertised in yesterday morning's paper. It is certainly remarkable that I should get on to it in the way I've done. Clearly it is my duty to defeat Brinsley's little game by digging the box up and returning it to the owner, Mr. Jordan, of the firm of Jordan, Black & Co., Broadway. As Mr. Jordan lives somewhere in this neighborhood, there will be no need for me to take it to the office downtown. I ought easily find out from somebody around here where the Jordan house is situated, and then all I'll have to do will be to get an interview with the gentleman, if he's at home, and hand him over the box, explaining how I got possession of it. But that is bound to implicate both his son and Brinsley. I don't care a picayune for the latter, and I consider he deserves whatever may come to him out of this affair, but I do feel sorry to be obliged to show young Jordan up to his father, for I can see that he's not a bad sort of fellow at heart. I don't see how I can avoid doing so. I will have to tell a straightforward story, or I'll throw myself open to suspicion in this matter, since it is rather an unusual thing for a box containing valuable securities to be buried in this way. Yes, I'll have to do my duty as my conscience points out. On the whole, it ought to result beneficially for Frank Jordan. If he received the proceeds of this rascally scheme of Brinsley's, he would no doubt spend it in company with his bad adviser, and in the end be ten times worse off than if he has to submit to a severe lecture from his father, who is his best friend, and will take measures to save him from the brink of ruin."

Eddie had noticed that Frank Jordan did not

bury the box very deep, just about a foot beneath the surface, after having first carefully removed several sections of the grassy sod, which he afterwards replaced in such a way as to leave no indication that the soil had been touched at that spot. The young messenger slid down from his perch, took out his stout penknife, and after displacing the clods proceeded to disinter the box. He used both hands vigorously to dig out the loose dirt, and inside of a few minutes his fingers struck against the object he was in search of. It did not take him long to uncover the box, still wrapped in its newspaper, and then getting a firm hold on the handle he yanked it to the surface.

"I dare say Mr. Jordan will give me a \$10 bill for returning this to him," he said to himself. "Perhaps he may even give me more. However, \$10 is not to be sneezed at. I wish it might be \$100, or even \$50, for then I could buy ten or twenty shares of L. & S. stock that I've got the tip on. I'm sure I'd more than double my investment. I'm afraid no such luck will come my way. If it did, and Uncle Peter found out I had so much money, there'd be something doing at home, I'm thinking. As my natural guardian, he'd insist on taking charge of it for me till I became twenty-one. It will be a mighty cold day when I let Mr. Fenn take charge of any money I happen to accumulate, for I doubt if I'd ever get it again. He would be sure to cook up a bill of charges against me that would absorb all the funds."

Such were Bertie's thoughts as he walked through the wood toward the road with the japanned box under his arm.

On striking the highway along which the trolley ran he saw a man coming toward him who seemed to be a resident of the locality. Just why Eddie thought this man lived in the neighborhood he couldn't have explained, as the party didn't carry a sign to that effect, but he thought so nevertheless. When they came together Eddie stopped him.

"Are you acquainted around here, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, I live a little way down the road. Why do you ask?" said the man, regarding him with some curiosity.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Jordan lives?"

"I can. Follow this road for about a mile and a half, when you will come to a cross road. Turn to your left, and the third big house, with a cupola on top, is Mr. Jordan's. It sets well back from the road, surrounded by a wide lawn. You can't miss it. In fact, his name is on a silver plate attached to one of the stone posts of the side entrance."

"Thank you, sir. I'll be able to find it all right."

Then Eddie walked on. Fifteen minutes later he struck the cross road in question, and a ten-minute walk brought him to the gate of the third house. It answered the description perfectly, and the name was plainly to be seen on the wide stone post. The gate was a fairly heavy grilled iron one, but it was so nicely adjusted on its hinges that it swung open easily when Eddie turned the knob. A gravel walk led up to the mansion, which was an imposing one, and followed the course of the driveway from the wide double gate to the left

of the smaller one. Two ladies, attired in light summer costume, were seated in rockers on the veranda, while a gentleman, smoking a cigar, stood in the open doorway talking to them. Eddie's approach soon attracted notice. He walked straight up to the porch and, politely removing his hat, asked if Mr. Jordan was at home.

"That is my name," said the gentleman, whose age was probably eight-and-forty, coming forward.

"I should like to see you on business of importance, sir," said Eddie.

"Indeed," replied Mr. Jordan, casting a look at the package the young messenger had under his arm, and seeming much taken with it. "Come inside."

The gentleman led the way to his library, a good-sized room on the ground floor. The windows were open, permitting a view of the side lawn, which sloped to a white fence, and of the distant Sound. It was a cool and airy place, and very agreeable to the boy after his warm and dusty tramp.

"Take that chair," said Mr. Jordan, pointing to a handsome leather-covered chair. "Now I am at your service."

"I suppose I ought to introduce myself first," began the young visitor. "My name is Eddie Bertie, and I am employed by Richard Gilder, stock broker, of No.— Wall Street."

Mr. Jordan nodded with an air of interest, and cast another glance at the package Eddie had placed upon his lap.

"In yesterday's paper you advertised the loss of a japanned tin box containing fifteen \$1,000 bonds of the Louisville Southern Railway, as well as other papers."

"Did you find the box?" asked the gentleman, bending eagerly forward.

"If this is your box, I did, sir," replied the boy, holding the package toward him.

Mr. Jordan took it, tore the paper from it, and released a japanned tin box with his name upon it in gold letters.

"This is undoubtedly my property," said Mr. Jordan, with a look of relief. "I suppose it has not been opened," he added.

"Not to my knowledge," answered Bertie.

"Pardon me a moment till I ascertain if the contents are intact."

The gentleman took a bunk of keys from his pocket, and selecting a particular one, unlocked the box, and took out the documents it contained. He looked them over carefully and then returned them.

"Everything is all right," he said. "May I ask where you found this box?"

"I found it less than an hour ago in the woods near the trolley track about two miles from here."

"You live in this neighborhood, then?"

"No, sir. I live on Blank street, off Boston Road, quite a considerable distance from here."

His answer evidently surprised Mr. Jordan.

"Have you any objection to telling me how you came to be in the woods where you say you found the box?"

"No, sir. Having no particular place to go this afternoon, and my chum having been sent by his father to Jersey City on an errand, I decided to ride this way on the trolley. I brought a book to read if I found a comfortable spot for that

purpose. Seeing the wood, I got off the car and walked into it. I climbed a big oak tree, and while partly hidden among the branches two persons, one of whom carried your box done up in its newspaper wrapping, halted under the tree. After a conversation, which gave me a strong clue to the identify of the box, the person who carried it from your house buried it under the tree. When they departed I got down from my perch, dug the box up, inquired the way here, and brought it to you."

Mr. Jordan eyed his visitor narrowly as he told his rather extraordinary story.

But for the fact that Eddie had introduced himself in a perfectly frank way, and his personal appearance was very prepossessing, the narrative would have struck the gentleman as being somewhat fishy.

"I am very much obliged to you for returning this box, young man," said Mr. Jordan. "I did not mention a reward in my advertisement, but it was nevertheless understood that the finder would be entitled to a substantial acknowledgment."

He turned to his desk, took out his checkbook, filled in one of the checks for the sum of \$500, and handed it to Bertie.

"Five hundred dollars!" gasped the boy, with a look of bewilderment on his face. "Surely you can't mean to give me so much as that?"

Mr. Jordan smiled as he noted the boy's astonishment.

"It is worth every cent of that to me to recover that box," he said.

"Why, I didn't expect to get more than \$10, or \$50 at the most."

"Then I am glad that I have given you a pleasurable surprise. Now could you describe the men who came into the wood, and particularly the one who buried the box?"

"I can do better than that, sir. I can tell you who they are."

"You know them, then?" asked Mr. Jordan in surprise.

"I know one of them. His name is Herbert Brinsley, and he is a clerk for William Adams, a stock broker in the same building where I work on Wall Street."

"A stock broker's clerk! You surprise me. Who is the other?"

"The other I only know by name as he was addressed by Brinsley, and by his own acknowledgment of his identity. He is the one who, at Brinsley's suggestion, took the box from your house."

"He stole the box at Brinsley's suggestion, you say? I do not quite understand. I do not know this man Brinsley, nor can I surmise how he was aware I had such a box in my possession."

"The person who took the box knew you had it, and was so foolish as to tell the fact to Brinsley, who I am bound to say has proved himself a rascal. The young man owed Brinsley a gambling debt of \$200, and Brinsley threatened to communicate the fact to you——"

"To me?"

"Yes, sir, unless the debt was paid in full. Discovering that this box was accessible to his unwary debtor, he persuaded him to——"

"My heavens, boy!" cried Mr. Jordan, his face turning ghastly pale. "Don't tell me that the thief was——"

He stopped and the words stuck in his throat.

"I am sorry, sir, but the person who took the box, and whom I saw bury it under the oak tree in the wood, was your son, Frank Jordan."

Mr. Jordan was thoroughly overcome when he realized his son was a thief, but shortly became himself again and thanked Eddie heartily for returning the box. A little later Eddie started for home. When he arrived there he said nothing to his aunt about his visit to Mr. Jordan, and was soon in bed and asleep. When Eddie arrived at the office the next morning he noticed that L. & S. stock had closed at 49 the day before the Fourth. As soon as he was sent out he called at a little bank on Nassau Street and ordered 100 shares of L. & S. bought for his account.

The bank accepted the \$500 check and Eddie became a trader in a small way.

CHAPTER V.—The Scare Of His Life.

"What makes you look so big and important this morning, Ed?" asked Sadie Garwood next morning when Bertie brought her some papers from Mr. Gilder.

"I didn't know that there was any change in my personal appearance," laughed Eddie. "What makes you think that I look big and important?"

"Your manner. You seem different to me this morning somehow, just as if you'd fallen heir to a fortune, or something of that kind."

"Is that so? I wish somebody would leave me a fortune. I'd be very much obliged to them."

"You're not the only one that feels that way."

"I'll bet I ain't. So I look important, do I? Maybe it's because I've just gone into a little speculation."

"Not a stock speculation, I hope."

"Yes, a stock speculation, Sadie."

"Well, I'm surprised at you."

"I like to surprise people occasionally."

"Don't you know you've done the most foolish thing a boy could do?"

"No, I don't. I've gone into this thing on a tip."

"Worse and worse."

"Is that so? You'll talk differently a few days from now when I show you the bunch of money I expect to win."

"I'm afraid expectations is all you'll get out of it."

"If I don't win it will be because a screw has worked loose, and that's something the smartest broker in the Street can't always provide against."

"I hope your confidence in this thing is not misplaced, but I have my doubts."

"You girls seem to have doubt about everything except the fellow you're soft on, and then, if you only knew it, you're taking bigger chances than if you went long on a rocky market."

"I like your nerve."

"I'm glad you like something connected with me, but I'd rather you liked my face," chuckled Ed.

"Oh, I like your face, too," smiled the stenographer.

"Thanks. I must bring you a bouquet for that. I think violets are your favorite flowers."

"You ridiculous boy! By the way, you haven't told me what stock you bought."

"I bought L. & S."

"At what price?"

"At 49."

"And you think it will go higher?"

"If I didn't, I wouldn't have bought it."

"Well, you have my sympathy," she laughed, turning to her machine.

This was a signal that she had no more time to waste on him, and so Bertie left her and went back to his chair in the reception-room.

He was sent out soon afterward. When he got back the Exchange had opened its two-hour morning session for this was Saturday, and he took a look at the tape to see if there was anything doing in L. & S. There were several sales indicated at a fraction above 49, and slight as this advance was it looked encouraging to the boy. When the Exchange finally closed at twelve L. & S. was going at 49 5-8. The market picked up some on Monday, and all the leading stocks advanced more or less, L. & S. going to 50 5-8.

"If I sold out now I could make a little over \$100," said Eddie to himself; "but, of course, I wouldn't think of doing such a thing, for Mr. Bailey told me that L. & S. was good for 65 at least, and I'm willing to take Mr. Bailey's word for it."

He showed Sadie the last quotation of the stock, and she congratulated him on the fact that it had gone up something at any rate. He passed Brinsley in the corridor that day as the latter was coming from his lunch. Brinsley had ceased to notice Bertie since the boy refused to accept his nickel and carry his small floral offering to Miss Garwood. The young messenger wondered if Adams's clerk had yet discovered that the tin box had found its way back to the owner. At any rate he must have surmised that there was a screw loose somewhere, for it was not likely that Frank Jordan had met him since the talk he had had with his father Fourth of July evening. Brinsley gave no outward sign that anything worried him particularly so Eddie had no way of surmising how he stood in the finale of the tin box matter. After L. & S. had for four days slowly advanced to 56, the market took an unexpected slump, and Bertie's stock suffered a decline with the rest. It went down to 53, and the boy lost his appetite for lunch that day. However, he comforted himself with the reflection that he was still four points to the good when prices showed signs of recovery. By Saturday it was up again to 56, and he carried the good news in to the stenographer.

"I did get something of a scare on Thursday when the whole market went off," he said to the girl. "I saw \$200 of my expected profits vanish inside of two hours. It doesn't give a fellow a very happy feeling to know that the Shorts are covering at his expense, and I have no doubt that a good many outsiders were frightened into selling at a loss in order to rescue a portion of their marginal deposits. However, I have confidence in my tip. I didn't make any attempt to sell, and now the price is back again at 56. I expect to see it go higher next week."

"You have nerve enough for a successful speculator, at any rate," said Sadie with a smile, "and I sincerely hope you will come out on top

with your first venture, although I've heard Mr. Gilson say that it often was the worst thing in the world for a person's first speculation to succeed, as it was bound to keep him in the market, and in the end the chances are all in favor of his going broke."

On Monday morning a report appeared in the financial papers, and in one or two of the big dailies, that drew attention to L. & S. and caused a sudden boom in the price of the stock. It went from 56 to 60 inside of an hour, and by noon it was selling at 62, to Eddie's intense satisfaction, not to say excitement.

"It's beginning to look like business now," he chuckled to himself. "When it goes up three points more I'll begin to think about cashing in."

It went up five points more during the balance of the session, and the Exchange was in a turmoil over it. So many orders came into Mr. Gilder's office to buy the stock, and the boy heard so many people speak of a much higher advance on the morrow, that Eddie concluded to hold on a while longer in anticipation of larger profits, although he could have realized over \$1,800 profits if he gave his order to sell at that moment.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, as a rule, and that is where many speculators in Wall Street slip up because their eagerness to get at the last dollar makes them hold on till an unexpected slump turns up and wipes out all of their paper profits. Although Eddie had had two years' experience in the Street, and was tolerably familiar with the causes that strew the district with financial wrecks, nevertheless his general experience, as well as the extreme optimism of youth, caused him to overlook in his own person the danger lines beyond which he was treading in his desire to make the most of his present opportunity. Fortunately in his case an accidental meeting with Mr. Bailey next morning at the door of the Exchange saved his bacon. The syndicate, of which that broker was one of the representatives, had almost sold out its holdings, and the fate of L. & S. was even then trembling in the balance. It only wanted the sudden unloading on the market of a big block of shares by some outside speculator to break the price of the stock already going at a figure considerably above its normal value.

Eddie had noted with great glee that L. & S. had opened at 69, and kept on right up the scale. When he touched Mr. Bailey on the arm it was selling at 72.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bailey," said the boy.

"Hello, Bertie! How's things?"

"Fine as silk."

"Glad to hear it. You certainly look happy."

"I feel so this morning, for L. & S. has gone above 70."

Broker Bailey stared at him for an instant, and then said:

"Did you buy some of L. & S. on the strength of the tip I gave you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you haven't sold out?"

"No, sir. I——"

"Then give your order to sell at once. Don't lose a second. The price is liable to a slump at any moment. Chase yourself to your broker and get out from under as quick as you can."

Mr. Bailey's manner, even more than his words,

impressed Eddie with a sense of impending disaster. For the first time in his Wall Street career he forgot the errand he was bound on, and turning around made a bee-line for the little bank in Nassau street as hard as he could run. Had an ordinary man done that his action would have attracted immediate notice in the crowded thoroughfare, but rapid locomotion in Wall Street messenger boys was something to be expected at all times during business hours, consequently his spurt passed as a very ordinary episode. He burst into the brokerage department of the bank like a small cyclone, and rushed up to the margin clerk's window.

"Sell my hundred shares of L. & S. at once," he palpitated. The clerk regarded him with exasperating coolness.

"Where's your memorandum of purchase and your selling order?" he asked.

"There's my memorandum," quivered Bertie. "Please make out the order and I'll sign it."

The clerk did so and Eddie affixed his pothooks quicker than he had ever done before in his life.

"When will the stock be sold?" he asked.

"Inside of ten minutes," replied the clerk, unhooking the receiver of his desk phone and connecting with the Exchange by private wire.

Eddie then recollected his errand and started off to complete it. While he was waiting to get into the presence of the broker to whom he had been sent a sudden excitement around the office ticker told him that something unusual was in the wind. He soon found out that L. & S. had gone to the wall and was dropping in price like a house afire. His heart went into his mouth for he couldn't tell whether his 100 shares had yet been sold or not. He stood around like a monkey on a hot stove until the office boy told him to go into the private office. All the way back to the office he kept asking himself whether he was safe or not, but of course he couldn't answer that momentous question.

"What's the matter, Bertie?" asked his employer when his messenger brought him the answer he carried. "You look as if you'd been up against something. Been dodging an auto, or cab, or what?"

"No, sir. I'm just excited about something."

"You look it," replied the broker, dismissing him.

He was more or less miserable until he went to lunch, when his anxiety impelled him to run around to the little bank and ask if his shares had been sold before the slump. To his intense relief he found they had been disposed of at the top of the market—that is, 72 3/8; nevertheless, he had experienced the scare of his life. Next day he got his statement and the accompanying clerk, which showed that he had cleared \$2,314 on the deal, and he showed both to Sadie with an air of triumph. When he went out to lunch he visited the little bank and exchanged the check for a certificate of deposit for \$2,800 and the balance in cash. Both were in his pocket when he went home that night.

CHAPTER VI.—Nick Pollock.

When Eddie reached the cottage that afternoon about five he found a visitor at the house.

This was Nick Pollock, an Orange County

farmer, and Mrs. Fenn's first cousin. He was a fairly wealthy man, as prosperous farmers go, and being a bachelor, Mrs. Fenn had great expectations that he would leave her something in his will. That was very like counting your chickens before they're hatched, for there seemed to be no immediate prospect of Nick Pollock dying.

At any rate, he didn't look as if he was going to die for a long time yet. Mrs. Fenn always welcomed him with open arms whenever he took it into his head to pay her a visit, though for days after he had gone home she groaned both outwardly and inwardly at the extra expense she had been put to to entertain him. However, she and Mr. Fenn comforted themselves with the reflection that it was a paying investment.

Nick was a bluff, good-natured man of fifty years, and seemed to be fond in a way of his cousin. He also thought a whole lot of Eddie.

"Hello," exclaimed Mr. Pollock, when the young messenger walked into the cottage. "You're lookin' well."

"Glad to see you around again, Mr. Pollock," replied Eddie, shaking hands.

"Yes. I turn up every once in a while like a bad quarter," chuckled the farmer.

"Now, Nick, you mustn't compare yourself to such a thing," remonstrated Mrs. Fenn. "You know you're always welcome here."

"If I didn't think so, Penelope, I shouldn't come," replied Mr. Pollock. "How are you gittin' on in Wall Street, Ed?"

"Fine."

"Glad to hear it. How much are you earnin'?"

"Eight dollars a week."

"He ought to git more," said Mrs. Fenn. "It hardly pays his board, let alone his clothes, which is dreadfully expensive. Everybody has to dress like aristocrats in Wall Street or he can't work there."

"Is that so, Ed? I've noticed you always look real stylish, more so than your Uncle Peter."

"One has to look respectable, Mr. Pollock," answered Bertie. "The brokers make plenty of money and are a swell lot. They insist that their employees should make a decent appearance."

"I reckon you could look decent enough on one suit a year," said his aunt. "I consider it a waste of good money to have to buy two for you not speakin' of shoes, and shirts and ties, and other things too numerous to mention. By the way, you've got a brand new tie on with some kind of a pin in it. Where did you git it?"

"I bought it."

"You bought it!" cried his aunt. "Did you find some money in the street? If you did, it was your duty to bring it straight to me."

"You needn't worry about that tie as long as you didn't have to pay for it," replied the boy.

"I reckon you paid a sight more for that tie than I should. Boys are always extravagant when they buy things for themselves. How much did you give for it? Was the pin thrown in?"

"No, Aunt Pen, the pin was not thrown in. It cost me \$1.50, and the tie fifty cents."

"What!" gasped Mrs. Fenn, appalled at such an extravagant outlay. "You gave two dollars for them two?"

Eddie nodded serenely. His aunt looked as if she was about to have a fit. Then she straightened up suddenly.

"Where did you get that money?" she demanded sharply.

"I made it in Wall Street."

"Maybe you're keepin' back some of your wages every week," she said, suspiciously. "You hain't no right to do that, considerin' the terrible expense I'm under keepin' you. If you're gettin' more'n eight dollars a week now, I want to know it."

"No, auntie, eight dollars is what I am getting."

"Then I insist on knowin' how you come by them two dollars."

"Oh, I get a tip once in a while from a broker for doing him a favor."

"You never told me that before," replied Mrs. Fenn, brindling up. "Have you been gettin' extra money like that right along?"

"I have occasionally."

"Why didn't you hand it over to me?" she demanded.

"I needed it for lunches and other things."

"Don't I give you ten cents every mornin' for your lunch?"

"Yes; but I can't get more than a bite for that."

"What more do you want at noon? You git a good breakfast and dinner."

"Growin' boys need victuals," interjected Mr. Pollock. "I don't blame him eatin' all be kin. I used to do it when I was a boy."

"He eats a powerful lot at home," said Mrs. Fenn. "I don't think he stands in need of much downtown. It's a great waste of good money."

"We have to work pretty hard running about from one officer to another. We can't help getting hungry in the middle of the day," said the boy.

"You eat all you want to, Ed," said the farmer, with a wink. "Don't mind what Penelope says. She doesn't mean a word of it."

Mr. Pollock's defence of Bertie shut Mrs. Fenn up, as she was afraid to say any more in his presence, but she was determined to have it out with her nephew as soon as the farmer went home, which would probably be next day, as he never stayed more than one night in New York. Ed chuckled to himself as the conversation drifted into a different topic. Pretty soon Peter Fenn came home, and he appeared to be glad to see Mr. Pollock. At least he said he was; but then some people have a habit of stretching the truth when it suits their purpose to do so. Mrs. Fenn started to prepare dinner, while her husband inquired about crops and other farming matters.

Ed was sent to the butcher's to get a choice rump steak, to the Italian on the corner for some fruit, and to the baker's for an extra loaf of fresh bread. Mrs. Fenn laid the table with extra care putting napkins beside each plate, and getting out her choice plated cutlery, which she only used when Mr. Pollock visited them. In Eddie's eyes the farmer was as welcome as the flowers in spring, for his appearance was always the occasion of a feast. Now, however, that he was worth nearly \$3,000, he determined to feast as often as he felt like it. He decided that the best way to reach that desirable point was to dine at a downtown or an uptown restaurant hereafter. He didn't see how his aunt could object to that, as it was bound to make a saving in her household expenses. Mr. Pollock announced at supper that, contrary to his usual custom, he expected to remain two days in York, as he called it, on this

occasion. After supper the farmer winked at Bertie and walked out into the bare little garden. Ed followed to see what he wanted.

"I'd like to go to some show to-night," he said. "I didn't like to mention it before your aunt and uncle. I s'pose you could p'int the way to one, couldn't you? I'd like to take you with me."

Ed said there was a good show at the Metropolis Theater that week.

"Then we'll go there. Don't say a word about it. We'll go out as if for a walk, and then you kin steer me down to the playhouse."

Accordingly they both got their hats soon after supper and started for a Third avenue car. Mrs. Fenn being engaged in the kitchen washing the dishes at the time didn't observe their departure, but later on she wondered where they had gone.

"For the land's sake! Where have you two been all evenin'?" she asked when she let them in at half-past eleven.

"We've been to the theayter, Penelope," replied Mr. Pollock, somewhat sheepishly.

Mrs. Fenn made no further remark, and the farmer went upstairs with Ed, to occupy the spare cot in the boy's room which was kept there for his especial accommodation.

CHAPTER VII.—Eddie Cuts Loose From His Aunt and Uncle.

While Ed and Nick Pollock were enjoying the show, Mrs. Fenn had a serious conversation with her husband over the boy. She told him that Eddie had just thrown away two dollars on a necktie with some kind of a gimcrack pin in it, and that when she questioned him about how he came to acquire it, the boy had admitted that he often received tips of money from the brokers.

"It stand to reason, then, Peter, that them two dollars ain't all the money he's got in his clothes," said Mrs. Fenn. Mr. Fenn thought it was likely that he had some more.

"And to think he never told me, nor I never suspected that he was gittin' extry money," snapped the lady. "I don't like sich closeness in a boy."

"Neither do I," replied her husband.

"To-night, after he's gone to bed, you'd better go to his room and examine his clothes. He hain't got no right to keep any money from me when I am payin' all of his expenses. If you find any money, bring it to me and I'll take care of it."

There wasn't any doubt but she'd take care of it if she got her fingers on it. Accordingly, about midnight, after Eddie and Nick Pollock had retired and were in the land of dreams, Mr. Fenn went to the room and got busy with Bertie's everyday garments. As Peter Fenn had a talent for getting his hands into other people's pockets, at least in a figurative sense, he found no difficulty in getting them in a literal way into the young messenger's clothes. He soon fished out \$12 and the certificate of deposit, and finding nothing else of value retired with his booty to his chamber, where his wife eagerly awaited his coming.

"Well, what did you git?" she asked impatiently.

"Twelve dollars and this paper."

"Twelve dollars!" exclaimed Mrs. Fenn, as

tonished at the sum. "Why, the boy was made of money. Give them bills to me, Peter."

Her husband obediently passed them over and then started to examine the certificate by the light of the lamp, for the Fenns did not indulge in such extravagance as gas. As the lady was stowing the bills away in her purse with great satisfaction an exclamation from her husband attracted her notice.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Why, this here paper is a certificate of deposit for \$2,800."

"You'd better take it right back and put it in his pocket," said his wife. "It belongs to his office, I s'pose."

"No, it doesn't. It's something I can't understand. It reads that a Bank of Nassau Street has received on deposit from Edward Bertie the sum of \$2,800. Now, whose money kin that be, and why should it be deposited in his name?"

"Well, it hain't his money, you know that. Where would he git \$2,800 to deposit for himself? That is, unless he stole it, and he hain't that kind of a boy. You jest take it back and put it where you got it. He might git into trouble and lose his job in Wall Street is that paper was missin'. He must have been savin' up his tips to have so much as \$12 all at one time. I reckon I kin make better use of it than he kin, judgin' from the way he wasted two dollars on that tie and thingumbob."

Mr. Fenn rather reluctantly returned the certificate of deposit to Eddie's jacket. He would have given something to have learned how it came to be made out in the boy's name. He didn't believe that Wall Street men made deposits in their office boys' names.

At the same time it was absurd to think that the money really belonged to Ed himself. Mr. Fenn hated mysteries, and this was one that strongly appealed to his curiosity. He stood for several minutes with the jacket in his hand trying to figure the matter out in his mind. He didn't make any noise, but whether it was that his mere presence in the room aroused the boy or not, certain it is that Bertie awoke of a sudden and saw him standing there like a ghostly shadow. Finally Mr. Fenn gave the problem up and left the room. A streak of moonlight coming through the window lit up his figure for an instant and Ed recognized him.

"My gracious!" exclaimed the boy, as his uncle softly closed the door after him. "I believe he's been going through my clothes. Supposing he's taken that certificate and the \$12? This is fierce! What a fool I was not to hide them."

He sprang out of bed and looked in his pocket with some trepidation. Then he heaved a sigh of relief—the certificate was there. He decided to put it under his pillow for the rest of the night. Then he looked in his trousers for the \$12. As he expected, the money was gone.

"Well, I'm \$12 out. It is clear Aunt Pen suspected that I had some spare money stowed away in my clothes, and she sent Uncle Peter up to my room to annex it. If she really needed that money, I wouldn't say a word, though I don't fancy having it taken away from me in such an underhand manner. But she doesn't need it. She and Uncle Peter are well fixed but they're too mean and stingy to get the good out of what they possess. Anyone to judge by the looks of this

cottage and the clothes they wear would think they were living from hand to mouth and never suspect they have fat accounts in the savings bank. Aunt Pen has captured my \$12, but it's the last money she'll get from me. I've been wanting a good excuse to get away from here, and now I've got it. I'll look up another boarding place to-morrow and Aunt Pen will wake up to discover that she has been a trifle too smart this time. I'll bet she'll miss those \$8 every Saturday, but I won't miss the skinny table she sets."

Having decided on his course of action, he got into bed again and was soon asleep. After breakfast, when he put on his hat to go downtown, and when his aunt offered him the usual twenty cents, he said, rather bluntly:

"Uncle Peter came up to my room last night and took \$12 out of my pocket. I should like to have it back."

"You had no right to keep \$12 away from me to spend on foolish things," replied Mrs. Fenn, sharply.

"I had a perfect right to keep that \$12, or twice \$12, if I wanted to," answered Bertie, resolutely. "I have been handing you over every cent of my wages regularly since I went to work two years ago. That money had nothing to do with my wages. I made that on the outside, consequently I have a right to spend it on myself if I choose to do so."

"You have no right to spend any of your money yourself," snapped his aunt. "Every dollar that you get should come to me. I feed you, and clothe you, and provide you with all you require. So hereafter I want you to turn in all your tips as soon as you get them. Understand?"

"Are you going to return me that \$12?"

"Certainly not."

"All right," replied Eddie. "I don't think you will gain anything by keeping it," and he started for the door.

"Here's your twenty cents," said Mrs. Fenn.

"I don't want it. I can borrow all I need till Saturday."

"You shan't borrow a cent on your wages," almost shrieked his aunt.

Eddie paid no attention to her remark but walked out of the cottage. At the station he borrowed a nickel from Sam Rogers to pay his way downtown.

"What's the matter? Didn't your aunt come up this morning?" asked his friend.

"I wouldn't take it from her."

"Why not?" said the other in some surprise.

"Because she got hold of \$12 of my money and wouldn't give it up."

"Twelve dollars!" exclaimed Sam. "Did you have \$12 saved up?"

"I had \$12 in my vest that I intended to spend on myself. My aunt noticed this new tie and pin that I bought, and wanted to know how I got it. When I told her it almost gave her a fit. She must have come to the conclusion that I had more cash about me, for Uncle Peter came to my room last night while I was asleep and took possession of the \$12."

"I call that a low-down trick!" said Sam.

"I think so myself. However, it is the last straw with me. I'm going to move somewhere else. Aunt Pen has had the last money she's going to get

from me. She's welcome to keep the \$12. It will pay her this week's board."

"Where are you going to move to?"

"Don't know yet. I'm going to look a place up this afternoon."

"Your aunt will put up a big kick when she finds you're going to quit her."

"That won't worry me any. I've made up my mind to leave, and that settles it." That afternoon Eddie found a boarding place in the same block that Sam lived. He returned to the cottage, went to his room, quietly packed up his trunk and then went for an expressman. His aunt being busily engaged getting dinner, didn't notice what was going on. He took the expressman to his room, and pointed out his trunk. The man put it on his shoulders, carried it down stairs and out to his wagon. The boy gave him the address at which to deliver it, paid him and he drove off. At that moment Nick Pollock came in and Eddie told him that he had made up his mind to leave his aunt's home and take lodgings elsewhere. The farmer was very much surprised, and wanted to know what was the trouble, but the young messenger wouldn't tell him. While they were talking, Mrs. Fenn came out of the kitchen to get something, and then Eddie told her frankly that he was going to leave her. Of course there was a scene.

"You have no right to leave and cheat me out of your eight dollars a week," shrieked Mrs. Fenn, almost frantic at the idea of losing her steady income. "I bought you a new suit only six months ago, and it cost me \$15. And you have had other things since. You shan't take your trunk away."

"It happens that my trunk has already departed," replied Eddie. "I've got a boardinghouse and I'm going there right away." His aunt was speechless with consternation and wrath.

"I'm going to send you \$50, Aunt Pen, to repay you for all you've laid out on me this year. I think that's fair enough. The \$12 you got away from me last night will more than pay this week's board. Then we'll be square."

"Where would you get \$50?" she snapped.

"From the same quarter that I got the \$12."

"Do you mean to say that you had more money about you than that \$12?" gasped his aunt in utter astonishment.

"I haven't got it about me. It's deposited down town in a bank."

"You hain't no right to deposit your money in a bank. Mr. Fenn is your guardeen, and it's his business to look after your money."

"Uncle Peter is not my legal guardian, and has no right to touch a dollar of my money. I can look after it myself without any assistance, and I'm going to do it." At this point Mr. Fenn came into the house, and was made acquainted with the condition of things by his angry spouse. When he heard that Eddie had said he had money deposited in a bank down town he immediately thought of the certificate of deposit for \$2,800. He wanted an explanation about it. Bertie declined to make any explanation. During the entire controversy Nick Pollock sat a silent and surprised listener. He was a pretty shrewd man, and enough came out during the argument to convince him that the boy was acting well within his

rights. Finally Eddie put on his hat and, after saying good-by to all, left the cottage for good.

CHAPTER VIII.—Eddie Makes Another Lucky Deal.

Ed found that his new quarters were much better than his old ones, and the table was as much superior almost as light is to darkness. Therefore he was much pleased with the change he had made. He was also glad that he was so near Sam's home, for he was now able to run over and see him any time, and Sam could return the compliment. That morning, Mrs. Fenn, with dogged resolution in her face, took a car down for Wall Street. Ed was out on an errand when she reached into Mr. Gilder's office. Being admitted to the broker's sanctum, she introduced herself as Eddie's aunt. Then she wanted to know if eight dollars was all the boy had been receiving for his services for some time back. Mr. Gilder, rather surprised by the question, assured her that that was the sum he was paying him.

"I expect to raise him a couple of dollars on the first of the year," continued the trader, "as he is an unusually smart messenger."

"Well, then, I hope you won't do no sich fool thing," snorted Mrs. Fenn. Of course such a remark amazed Mr. Gilder.

"What's the trouble between you and Eddie?" he asked.

"He ain't treated me no ways right. Last night he took his trunk and left me for no reason at all."

"Left you! How long has he been living with you?"

"Ever since a month before he came to work down here. I've fed him, and clothed him, and provided him with twenty cents every day except Sundays and holidays for his car-fare and lunch, and now he quits me in the most ungrateful manner. He's been a great expense to me, and all I've got in return has been his wages."

"That's about all you could expect from him, isn't it, madam?"

"No, sir. He gets tips from brokers, and he ought to turn them in to me, too." Mr. Gilder smiled.

"Don't you think he ought to have that little income, which is but small at the best, for pocket money?"

"He don't need no pocket money," snapped Mrs. Fenn.

"I must disagree with you on that point, madam. I think a boy ought to have a little spending money."

"Well, he don't need no \$12 spendin' money."

"He must have been very saving to accumulate that much," replied the broker.

"He says he's got more'n that."

"Has he?"

"He spent two whole dollars on a tie with a gimcrack pin stuck into it. Sich extravagance I never heard tell on before."

"As long as he bought it with his own money, I don't see any objection to his owning it."

"I could have bought jist as good for a quarter. At any rate, it would do him jist as much good. I don't like a boy to play the dood." Mr.

Gilder smiled. He sized Mrs. Fenn up pretty correctly, and was not particularly surprised now that his messenger had elected to leave her, as he had a perfect right to do.

"Do brokers like yourself usually deposit big amounts of money in the bank in the names of their office boys?" she asked, suddenly branching off. This question was another surprise for Mr. Gilder.

"Not to my knowledge, madam. Why do you ask?"

"You hain't deposited \$2,800 in the Bank of Nassau Street in my nephew's name, have you?"

"No, madam."

"Do you know anythin' about sich a deposit?"

"I do not."

"Well, Mr. Fenn found sich a paper in my nephew's pocket last night."

"He did?"

"He did," nodded the lady vigorously. "We'd like to know what it means."

"As I am entirely ignorant of the matter, I cannot enlighten you. I will ask him about it when he comes back."

"I hope you will. If he's found \$2,800 in the street somewhere, and put it in a bank, I apprehend that his uncle should take charge of it for him. Mr. Fenn is his guardeen, and as sich it responsible for all that belongs to him."

"Was your husband legally appointed by the court, madam?"

"That hain't necessary, that I knows on. I'm his mother's sister, and only livin' relative. That makes me and Mr. Fenn his natural guardeens, don't it?"

"It doesn't establish the right of either you or your husband to take legal possession of any property the boy may have. A child's mother and father only are his natural guardians. As the case stands, Eddie can legally deposit money in any savings bank to his own account, and draw upon it just the same as if he was of age." This was not pleasant intelligence for Mrs. Fenn, and she looked disgusted.

"Then if he found \$2,800, and put it in a bank, we couldn't touch it?" she said.

"You could not, madam."

"And he could draw that money out himself and spend it in any tomfool way he wanted, could he?"

"There is no law to prevent him from doing so."

"Then there ought to be a law, and the quicker it's made the better it will be," snorted Mrs. Fenn, rising from the chair and, with a bow, making for the door. She hadn't been gone more than five minutes when Eddie came in with an envelope, which he handed to Mr. Gilder.

"Sit down a minute," said the broker. "I've just had a visit from your aunt, Mrs. Fenn."

"Yes?" replied the boy, rather surprised.

"She came down to complain about your leaving her for another boarding place."

"I left last night," answered Ed. "I've lived on short commons long enough and concluded that a change would be for my benefit."

"Well, Ed, it is nothing to me where you live. What I want to speak to you about is this: Have you deposited \$2,800 on a certificate in the Bank of Nassau Street?"

"Yes, sir. Did my aunt tell you that?"

"She did. She thinks you must have found the money in the street."

"No, sir, I did not. I'll tell you how I came by it." Eddie then related to his employer his Fourth of July afternoon adventure, suppressing the names of Brinsley and Frank Jordan, which resulted in his recovering and returning to the owner the box of bonds advertised for.

"Mr. Jordan handed me his check for \$500 in acknowledgment of the service. I took that check and invested it next day in 100 shares of L. & S. at 49."

"You did!" exclaimed Mr. Gilder, in surprise. "How came you to do that?"

"I got a tip from a certain broker that the stock was sure to go to 65 at any rate within ten days."

"And you held on till it reached 65, eh?"

"I did better than that. I sold at 72 3-8, and cleared \$2,314 on the deal. I have now a certificate of deposit from the Bank of Nassau Street for \$2,800."

"You are a very fortunate boy. You had better draw your money and deposit it in the savings bank, where it will draw interest. Your aunt seems very anxious to take charge of that money herself," he added, with a covert smile; "but I guess you wouldn't consent to such an arrangement."

"No, sir, I would not," replied Ed, promptly. Mr. Gilder then dismissed him. Ed Bertie kept his word with his aunt and carried her \$50 to make good the cash she claimed to have laid out on him during the past six months. She accepted it as a matter of course, and wanted him to return to the cottage, agreeing to be contented with the \$8 a week she had hitherto been receiving from him. Ed, however, declined to change back to the old regime at any price, and his aunt realized she had made a big mistake in taking possession of that \$12. About a month after Ed had established himself at his new boardinghouse he accidentally overheard two brokers one day talking about a deal that was forming in D. & W. stock.

He had no particular knowledge about the stock, but he knew that the brokers were two of the most solid men of the Street, whose opinions in market matters were of undoubted value. When he got back to his office he looked up D. & W. and saw that it was going at 65, which he subsequently ascertained was a low price for the stock. In fact, by comparing back records, he saw that it had not sold so low in three years.

"This looks like a safe stock to get into," he mused next day, after he had ascertained all the particulars he could pick up. "I don't believe D. & W. will go any lower, anyway, and according to what those two brokers said, it seems slated for an early rise of fifteen or twenty points. I think I'll drop in and see Mr. Bailey. Maybe he knows something about the stock. At any rate, I'll give him the tip just as I got it, and perhaps he'll see his way to make something out of it. It would be repaying him for the first-class pointer he gave me a little while ago." So when he went to the bank that afternoon to make his regular daily deposit for the office, he dropped into Mr. Bailey's office. That broker received him with a friendly nod, and asked him what he could do for him.

"I think I've got hold of a tip on a certain stock, Mr. Bailey, and as you were so kind as to put me in the way of making a little money some weeks ago, I thought that turn about was fair play, so I've brought this pointer to you, hoping that you'll be able to make something out of it."

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you, Ed," replied the broker. "What is your tip?" The boy told him what he had overheard brokers Wilmot and Barker talking about the deal in D. & W. Mr. Bailey immediately showed a great deal of interest in his communication. He asked the boy a number of questions, and finally became satisfied that the young messenger had got hold of a good thing.

"Would you advise me to go in on D. & W. on the strength of what I have found out?" he asked the broker.

"Yes, I would if I was you. It's safe enough if you don't hold on too long. You were mighty lucky to get out of L. & S. at the last moment. Twenty minutes after I met you at the Exchange the stock slumped. You had a close call. Don't be so grasping in the future. I told you to get out around 65, if you remember."

"I know you did, and I ought to have taken your advice. But I heard so many people talking about a bigger rise that I held on. If I hadn't met you just when I did my name would have been Tim Flynn."

"It would for a fact." Ed left him, and shortly after he went to the bank on Nassau Street and, handing in his certificate of deposit, told the margin clerk to buy 400 shares of D. & W. at 65 for his account. As he had received \$50 on account some time before, the clerk handed him \$150 in money and cancelled the certificate. A very rapid rise followed his purchase. In fact, he was astonished to see the shares go up seven points on the following day.

Next day it went up five points more, and on Saturday morning there was intense excitement around the standard of the road. When the Exchange closed at noon the stock was going at 85. That was a rise of twenty points over what Ed had purchased it for. He determined to sell out on Monday, though the prospect of a further advance of ten points looked mighty good.

"This time I'm going to make sure of the bird I have in my hand," he said to himself. "I am \$8,000 ahead at this stage of the game. What more do I want? Mr. Bailey is a broker of great experience, and his advice is well worth following. He who sells before things 'bust' will surely get the dust. That's bum poetry but good common sense. I sell on Monday. I don't care if the price goes to 100." D. & W. opened at 86 on Monday, and by the time Ed got his order in at the bank it had gone to 87 3-8, which was the figure he got for his shares. He made \$8,000 out of the deal, and now was worth \$11,550 in good bills.

CHAPTER IX.—Ed's Run of Luck Continues.

"I'll tell you something, Sadie, if you'll promise to keep it to yourself," said Eddie to the stenographer on the following afternoon.

"What is it?" she asked, with an inquisitive look.

"You won't say anything about it, will you?"

"Of course not, if you don't wish me to."

"Well, then, I'm worth nearly \$12,000."

"That's a good one for you."

"Don't you believe me?"

"I believe you're joking."

"This isn't a joke—it's a fact."

"Can you show the money?" she asked, with a dubious smile.

"I can show you a bank check to my order."

"Let me see it." Ed produced the check he got through the mail a short time before.

"There you are. Eleven thousand, five hundred and fifty, payable to the order of yours truly."

"My goodness!" she exclaimed, with a look of genuine surprise. "How came you to get this?"

"In the same way that I got the other check I showed you six weeks ago."

"Do you mean to say that you made this out of the stock market?"

"I do."

"I don't see how you did it."

"Maybe not, but I made it just the same."

"I suppose you had another tip?"

"Your supposition is quite correct."

"What a fortunate boy you are!"

"Yes, I'm kind of lucky. It's a good thing to be born that way."

"I wish I was."

"I think you're pretty lucky in knowing me."

"Well, if you haven't a check! Why am I so lucky in knowing you?"

"Because, if I should take it into my head to marry you, you'd live on Easy Street for the rest of your life."

"How do you know I'd have you?" she asked, with a blush.

"I don't know, but I'd try to make you if once I got started. So look out for me. I do things with a rush."

"I think we'd better talk about something else."

"Just as you say; but—hello! There's my bell. I'll have to skidoo." He rushed into Mr. Gilder's office, and found a note waiting for him to take to the Mills Building. As he was coming back he met Sam on the street.

"Have you heard the news?" asked Sam.

"What news?"

"That dude in the office across the way from you—I mean Brinsley—has sneaked out of town with several thousand dollars belonging to his boss."

"Go on! Is that a fact?"

"It's a fact all right."

"It isn't anything more than I would expect of him."

"Why, did you ever hear anything against him?"

"Did I?" Well, now he's shown himself up in his true colors, I'll tell you something about him that I found out on Fourth of July. I kept it to myself because I didn't consider that it was my business to give him away so long as a certain gentleman, whose son he tried to ruin, made no move against him."

"Let's hear what it is," said Sam, curiously.

"It's too long a story to tell now. I've got to

get back to my office and you have to return to yours. I'll tell you to-night."

With those words Eddie left him and returned to the office in time to go out again. That night after dinner Bertie called on Sam and told him all that happened to him on the Fourth of July. Perhaps Sam wasn't astonished.

"So you really are worth \$500 after all?" he said.

"I'm worth more than that, if anybody should ask you."

"How much more?" asked Sam, opening his eyes.

"Oh, a whole lot more."

"Name the figure."

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you, so what's the use?"

"Yes, I would. I'm willing to believe anything you say now."

"Thanks; but I guess, on the whole, I won't give my financial standing away. Very few people do. It isn't business, you know."

"You might tell me," said Sam, in an aggrieved tone.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you know when I'm worth \$100,000."

"I'll have a long time to wait."

"Oh, I don't know. I'm on the way toward it already."

"How do you expect to make the \$100,000?"

"In the stock market."

"Have you been making a deal with your \$500?"

"Sure pop. I've been in two deals already."

"You have?" gasped Sam.

"I have, and both have been winners. Half a dozen more lucky ones and maybe I'll collar the six figures."

"You talk as if you'd made a good bit already."

"I've no cause to complain at what I've made; but one can't make a fortune all at once out of a capital of only \$500." Sam tried again to find out how much his friend was worth, but didn't succeed. Finally they got talking about something else and he forgot about it. One day not long afterward Ed, with a message to deliver, was doing the rush act down Broad Street when he stepped on a banana peel that some thoughtless person had dropped on the sidewalk a few minutes before. His feet went from under him like a flash of lightning, his head struck the hard stone, and he slid down four steps and fetched up with a bang against the door of a broker's office. A score of persons saw him tumble and they stopped to give him the laugh, for such exhibitions always appear funny except to the person most directly concerned. They stopped laughing, however, when they saw him lying motionless and insensible against the door, and one of them began to yell for an ambulance. The door of the office opened at the moment and the broker coming out saw the unconscious boy.

He immediately called two of his clerks and ordered them to carry Ed into his private office and lay him on a lounge. All hands did what they could for the boy, but as he didn't respond an ambulance was telephoned for. In the meanwhile two other brokers came in to see the trader on important business. He explained the situation to them, and seeing that the victim of the accident was not likely to come around until the

surgeon arrived they proceeded to transact their business during the interval. Ed, however, was coming to his senses at that moment. He lay still and looked at the ceiling, wondering where he was and what had happened to him. Presently his brain grew clearer and he became conscious of what was going on around him. He heard the brokers discussing the final arrangements of a pool that had been formed, and in which they were interested, to boom M. & N. shares, which were then selling on the Exchange at 57. He listened without actually meaning to do so, just as if he was 100 miles away with his ear to the receiver of a long distance telephone.

Thus the whole scheme under discussion was photographed, as it were, on his brain without the least effort on his part. Then came the ringing of a gong in the street, and presently an ambulance drew up before the office, the surgeon dismounted from the seat and entered the place with his bag in his hands. A clerk announced his arrival, and he was immediately admitted to the private room, and the circumstances of the case hurriedly explained to him.

He got busy with Ed and the boy at once revived. The brokers gave the surgeon the credit for his prompt resuscitation, and were glad to learn that a small piece of sticking plaster was all the boy required to complete his recovery. Ed Bertie thanked the broker into whose office he had been carried for his kindness, gave his name and business address, and then said he guessed he felt able to resume the errand on which Mr. Gilder had sent him.

"The next time I meet with a banana skin I'll go all around it instead of trying to skate upon it," he said with a sickly smile. "Bananas are all right in their way, but I don't like to have them in my way." The brokers laughed heartily at what they considered his witty remark.

"It's a good thing that you have a hard head, at any rate," one of them said, "or you might be a fit subject for an undertaker by this time." Eddie then bade them good-by and went on his way, but he was more cautious where he put his feet after that. On his return to the office he explained the reason why he was out so long, and Mr. Gilder admitted that his excuse was a good one. Sadie Garwood showed considerable concern when he told her about the accident he had met with.

"People who drop banana peels on crowded streets ought to be arrested," she said, with some indignation. "They're very dangerous. You might easily have broken an arm or leg." Ed forgot all about the conversation he overheard in the broker's office until it was nearly time for him to go home, then it suddenly reverted to his mind as clear as daylight. He began to think it over, and the more he thought it over the clearer it unfolded itself before his mental vision.

"My gracious! Why this is the finest tip I ever got hold of. I must look up M. & N. on the ticker." He found that the latest quotation was 5,000 shares at 57.

"I'm going to get in on the ground floor along with the pool," he said to himself. "I've got just enough money to collar 2,000 shares. It ought to go fifteen points at any rate. At that rate I'd stand to win \$30,000. I'll give my order on the way home. This is too good to let slip between

my fingers." Accordingly he called at a big brokerage house not far from his office and ordered 2,000 shares of M. & N. to be bought for his account at the market in the morning.

"Who for?" asked the clerk, as the young messenger was counting out the deposit.

"Edward Bertie."

"Is that your name?"

"Yes."

"You're acting for some one, of course."

"If I am, that fact needn't worry you. As far as you need know, I am buying this stock for myself."

"I merely asked, for we don't do business with boys."

"Then you can't take this order for I am a boy."

"Oh, this is too big a deal for a boy to be personally engaged in. You're acting for somebody else."

"All right. Have it your own way, only remember if this stock goes up, and I close out at a profit, it's me you'll have to settle with."

"That's all right. If the deal wins you'll get the money. No matter who is behind this deal, you're the only one we recognize. Just sign that order, please." Ed signed it, got his memorandum of the transaction and then went home, feeling as big as any broker on the street. Two days later there was an upward movement in the stock, which advanced two points.

"Every point it goes up means \$2,000 profit to me," he said with some satisfaction. "Nothing like plunging when you think you have a sure thing." Three days afterward M. & N. had reached 63. Although in that short time he had doubled his capital, Eddie was not the least bit excited over his prospect of making a big haul. In fact, he felt surprised himself that he took the matter so coolly.

"Every dollar almost that I have in the world is at stake and yet I don't feel a bit worried over my chances. Perhaps that's because I feel so certain of winning. There's a whole lot of difference between going it on inside information and backing a hundred-to-one shot that you don't know anything about." On the following Tuesday M. & N. began to boom in earnest, and then there was excitement to burn in the Exchange.

As soon as Ed thought the stock looked as if it was getting top-heavy, he went into the broker's and ordered the clerk to close him out at the market. It was done inside of ten minutes at 78, and then all the boy had to do was to figure up his profits, which amounted to something over \$42,000. When he got his money he was worth \$54,000.

"Well, I've reached the half-mile post of that \$100,000, at any rate. When will I make the other half?" That question interested him very much indeed.

A week or so later two brokers called on Mr. Gilder, and from a remark he heard one pass, a Mr. Ricky, he concluded that the two brokers and his boss were forming some sort of a syndicate to corner a stock. Eddie kept watch every time he went to the Exchange to find out the name of the stock they were interested in. Finally he saw Ricky bidding for C. & O. shares. That settled Eddie and he went to the broker who had handled the M. & N. deal for him and

ordered him to purchase 3,000 C. & O. shares. They were purchased at the market price, and two weeks later the stock had reached such a high figure that Eddie ordered his shares sold, making over \$110,000 out of the transaction. He was now worth \$160,000.

CHAPTER X.—Bertie Decides to Be His Own Boss.

"I have simply got to resign from my job," he told himself. "What's eight dollars a week to me now? My money alone, if invested at five per cent., would bring me in \$8,000 a year, or \$150 per week. But I think I can do better than that by hiring an office for myself, making a close study of the market and devoting all my energies to the consummation of any deal I think safe enough to go into." He felt he would gain more experience on his own hook in one year than several years as messenger and clerk with Mr. Gilder. So he decided to resign at the close of the week. Next day there was more excitement than ever on the market. Thousands of shares of stock changed hands and the conservative traders were harvesting a fat lot of commissions.

C. & O. was selling at 85 at two o'clock when some big trader threw a block of 5,000 shares, followed by another of 10,000, on the market. The stock not being properly supported, a panic was precipitated, that involved other interests as well, and in a short time pandemonium prevailed in the den of the Bulls and Bears. The news flew broadcast through the Street that C. & O. had gone to the wall, carrying the whole market down with it. This brought an avalanche of selling orders to the fore. Everybody wanted to get out of the danger line as soon as he could. But when prices are tumbling buyers are naturally scarce, and the same old story of financial shipwreck seemed about to be re-enacted. The chief losers were likely to be the outsiders, who had come into Wall Street looking for easy money.

A number of brokers, however, found themselves involved in the slump before they realized just where they stood. Among these was Broker Harding, Sam Roger's employer. He and two other traders had formed a small pool and had gone "long" on a certain stock. They failed to realize at the right moment and were badly caught. When the smoke cleared away after the battle Harding was forced to make an assignment. He had depended on the deal to get even on previous streaks of bad luck he had experienced during the year. He now found that he would have to retire from the Street, and all his employees were notified to look for other jobs. Sam's face wore a very glum look when he told Ed the bad news on Friday.

"So you're out of a position, are you?" said his friend.

"Yep," replied Sam, gloomily.

"What are you going to do?"

"Dunno, except hunt for another."

"How much money do you want?"

"Eight dollars?"

"I'll hire you."

"You'll do what?"

"I said I'd hire you. I'm going in business for myself next week, and I'd like to have you with me if only to talk to occasionally when I have nothing else to do."

"What are you trying to give me?" asked the bewildered Sam.

"I'm trying to give you a show."

"Are you really going to leave Mr. Gilder?"

"I am."

"What kind of business are you going into?"

"I am going to speculate in the market on my own hook."

"You are?" asked Sam, much astonished. Ed nodded.

"Well, I'll be jiggered! How much money have you got to back you?"

"Something over \$160,000."

"Say, is this one of your jokes?"

"No. I never was more in earnest in my life."

"But I don't see how you could have \$160,000."

"I just cleared \$110,000 in the C. & O. boom."

It took a good deal of talk on Eddie's part to convince Sam that he was actually worth as much as he claimed, but at length Sam became satisfied of the fact.

"Talk about luck! You've been getting it by the carload. It isn't so many moons ago that a dollar looked as large as a barn to you, and now—gee! I can't realize that you're a capitalist."

"That lost tin box gave me the start I was looking for, and I've made good use of every chance that came my way since. Possibly I took some pretty long risks, too, but what's the difference so long as I've won out."

"So you're going to open an office, with your name in gilt letters on the door, just like any of the brokers?"

"Yes."

"What will you have for me to do?"

"Not much, at least at first."

"I have been learning to operate the typewriter, you know. I can do good work on it now. You could let me canvass for enough work to keep me busy, and take the profit yourself."

"That's a good idea," said Ed. "I never thought of it. I'll have your name put on the door as a public stenographer, and instead of working exclusively for me you can try and build a business up for yourself. Until you're able to clear \$10 a week for yourself I'll make up the difference to you. You ought to be able to get some work at the start if you hustle for it." Sam was tickled with the idea, and said that it just suited him. They talked the matter over until they got out of the train and parted in front of Eddie's boardinghouse. Ed had already given Mr. Gilder notice of his intention to leave the office, and the broker was sorry to lose him. The clerks were also sorry to have him go, and none more so than Sadie Garwood.

"You must come and see me, Sadie," said Ed, holding her hand. "I wouldn't lose you for a farm." She blushed and looked down, and finally promised that she would call and see him as soon as she knew where his office was.

"I haven't hired one yet. As soon as I do, and have it fixed up so I can receive visitors, I'll let you know. We've been good friends, Sadie, and we want to be better ones in the future." On Sunday Ed called on his uncle and aunt. They

were much astonished when he told them that he was going in business for himself.

"You must have made money in Wall Street," said his aunt, curiously.

"I have, Aunt Pen," replied the boy.

"How much have you have made?"

"Something over \$160,000."

"Sakes alive! Will you listen to that, Peter! Do you expect us to believe such a tomfool story?"

"You never knew me to tell you a lie, Aunt Pen." That was true, and she had to admit it; but that he had actually made such a fortune in no time at all was simply impossible for her to believe.

"Why, your Uncle Peter ain't worth no sich sum, and he's——"

"Hem!" exclaimed Mr. Fenn, warningly, and his wife recollecting herself shut up as tight as a clam at low tide.

"Nevertheless, Aunt Pen, I have that amount of money in good bills in my box in the safe deposit vaults."

"That hain't no place to keep money," she said. "You ought to have it in a savings bank. If you've got money you ought to let us know all about it. You might die sudden like, then strangers would get it instead of your uncle and me, who is most entitled to it, being your only livin' relatives. You'd better make a will so we could get what belonged to you in case anything happened to you." Ed chuckled quietly to himself at his aunt's evident anxiety on the subject.

"If anything like that happened, I'll see that you don't get left, Aunt Pen."

"Now you're talkin' sensible. I hope you'll stay to dinner. We're goin' to have roast chicken and baked beans, with fixin's, and a custard pud-din'. It's your uncle's birthday. Bein' as it only comes once a year, we don't mind the expense." Ed consented to stay, and then asked his uncle if he would accept a ten-dollar bill as a present.

As Mr. Fenn had never been known to refuse money in any shape or quantity, he said he would be very glad to take it. Mrs. Fenn was clearly surprised at Ed's generosity, and she began to entertain considerable more respect for him. She told her husband that night that it was evident the boy had money or he couldn't afford to give ten-dollar bills away.

"We must make more of him after this, Peter. It would be a terrible thing if that boy was took sick and died and strangers got what by rights ought to come to us. Wall Street must be a wonderful place when even messenger boys get rich down there in no time. You ought to have took a job there yourself, Peter, when you come to New York years ago, then maybe we could be ridin' in our auto waggin now and cuttin' coopons like the 'ristocrats."

CHAPTER XI.—The Masked Intruder.

On Monday morning Ed, accompanied by Sam, went office hunting. They found one at last, a good-sized, airy room, in an old-fashioned building on Hanover Street, near Wall. The office was on the top floor, and an unusual feature was a mantel fireplace which was closed off by a steel screen. The rent was reasonable enough to suit

Bertie's ideas at present, and he took it, giving Mr. Gilder as reference and paying down a month's rent in advance. The next two days were employed in fitting the place up in business-like shape.

Ed had a safe put in and also a ticker. Two desks were introduced—a very nice one for himself alongside one of the windows, and a cheaper one for Sam beside the other window. The safe stood between the two. A tall letter-file cabinet, that Ed got cheap, also helped to set the room off to great advantage.

"We're putting up a great bluff considering that there's nothing doing in the way of business yet," chuckled Sam.

"Well, I like to have the place look like business even if we've nothing to do. It makes a feeler feel better," replied Ed.

The sign on the door read:

EDWARD BERTIE, Stocks and Bonds.
SAMUEL ROGERS, Public Stenographer.

When everything was shipshape, Sam got some cards printed and started out to drum up typewriting trade for himself in the neighborhood. Ed Bertie got out some necessary printing for himself, and one of his business cards he mailed to Nick Pollock in Orange County. A week later he was sitting alone in the office reading the Wall Street News when a thump came at the door.

"Come in," sang out Ed, wondering who his visitor was, and then, to his surprise, in walked Mr. Pollock.

"Howdy do, Bertie," exclaimed the farmer. "I see you're a real live broker at last. Are you a Bull or a Bear?"

"I'm neither one nor the other at present, Mr. Pollock. Sit down."

"Don't care if I do. You look like business here."

"Well, I'm not here for fun, Mr. Pollock."

"I s'pose not. Cousin Penelope says you've made a mint of money in Wall Street—more'n \$150,000. She told me she guessed money must grow on trees down here, it seemed to be so abundant. I wonder if you couldn't show me how I could make a million or two kind of easy like." Eddie laughed, and told him that outsiders lost more money in the Street than they ever made.

"It's the public that keeps Wall Street alive, Mr. Pollock. The brokers live on the lambs who gamble in stocks."

"Well, now, is that so? Why, it is just like the country, isn't it? We live on the lambs who gambol on the medders."

"You're quite a jokeist, Mr. Pollock," laughed Ed. Just then Sam came in with a bunch of work in his hands, and Ed introduced him to his aunt's cousin.

"Now, settin' all jokes aside, Eddie, don't you think you could steer me on to some stock that would make my fortune?"

"I might be able to put you next to a winner some day. How much money would you care to risk?"

"I'd jest as soon put up \$10,000 as not if I thought I was goin' to double it. What would you charge me for doin' the business?"

"Same as any broker," replied Ed, mentioning the rate of commission charged. "But you mustn't

expect me to guarantee any deal you went into. I'd give you the benefit of my advice and experience. That's the best I could do."

"That's all I ask. You're a square boy, and I'd trust you with every cent I'm worth," said Mr. Pollock, heartily.

"Thank you."

"Don't mention it. Well, you let me know when you've got somethin' real good on the hooks and I'll come down and bring a wad with me." Ed promised and then they got to talking on a different subject. After a time Bertie took Mr. Pollock up to the Visitor's Gallery of the Exchange, and the farmer watched the antics of the brokers with great interest. Ed then invited him to lunch with him, and Mr. Pollock finally left for uptown fully convinced that Eddie was the smartest boy on earth. Sam had a lot of work to do that afternoon.

"It will take me till six o'clock to finish it, so I suppose it will be up to me to lock up."

"Oh, I'll stay till you get through, and we'll go home together as usual. I've got plenty of reading here to keep me employed."

So all through the afternoon Sam worked steadily away at his typewriter, while Ed Bertie sat at his desk and looked up the latest information about Wall Street. At a quarter to six Sam finished his work and announced that he was ready to go home. At that moment there was a subdued sliding sound in the chimney that passed unnoticed. Soon after there were other sounds behind the wall, and then—A strange scraping noise behind the gate screen attracted the attention of the boys.

"What's that?" asked Sam, jumping up.

Bertie started forward to investigate. Suddenly the screen fell forward with a crash, revealing a masked man, revolver in hand. It was a case of surprise all around, for the intruder had evidently not expected to find any one in the office, though he was prepared for trouble just the same.

"Well," said Eddie, "what brings you here down the chimney?"

It was a natural question for the boy to ask, though it seemed a superfluous one, for the mask, the revolver and the intruder's strange avenue of entrance proclaimed his object too clearly to be mistaken. He was a thief, pure and simple, and that's all there was to it.

The man raised his revolver and covered Ed with it, while at the same time he made a movement to leave the chimney and enter the room. Whether he had noticed Sam or not, he paid no attention to him, and the plucky young fellow took advantage of it to seize a heavy paperweight from the desk and hurl it with a swift and unerring aim at the head of the crook. Spat! It struck the rascal over the ear, and with a groan he sank forward unconscious. Ed immediately sprang forward and snatched the revolver from the fellow's hand. Both boys then dragged him out of the fireplace and laid him on his back.

"Telephone the police station, Sam," said Bertie. "Tell them to send the patrol wagon around to carry the rascal off in."

While Sam ran over to his friend's desk and seized the receiver, Ed tore the mask off the man's face and head. Then he was treated to a

genuine surprise. The intruder was none other than Herbert Brinsley, Broker Adams's late clerk.

CHAPTER XII.—Ed Gets On To A Fine Pointer.

Eddie was thoroughly astonished when he recognized Brinsley. For some time after the ex-clerk had skipped out with money belonging to his employer the police had been hunting for him without avail. The authorities of the nearby cities and large towns had been notified to be on the lookout for him, but nothing had been heard of him so far. It had remained for Bertie and Sam to prove to be his Nemesis.

"Who do you suppose this rascal is?" said Ed when Sam hung up the receiver.

"Some crook, of course."

"Take a look at his face."

Sam did so.

"Why, it's Brinsley," he cried in some astonishment.

"There isn't any doubt about it. He looks as if he was coming to his senses. Get a towel and we'll tie his hands."

The ex-clerk's hands were secured behind his back and then the boys waited for the police to show up. Before they came Brinsley recovered consciousness and glared around the room. His eyes lighted on Ed Bertie.

"Well, Mr. Brinsley, you've adopted a new business, I see," said the boy. "The police have been looking for you unsuccessfully for some time, but they will have you in a few minutes now."

"I'll make it worth your while to let me go."

"I don't think you will. I'm not taking bribes."

"I'll give you \$100."

"I wouldn't take \$10,000 and let you go."

Brinsley scowled.

"What are you doing in this building? Have you left Gilder?"

"I have."

"You must be a fool to refuse \$100. I'll make it \$200."

"No, you won't."

At that moment two officers entered the room. Ed told them the circumstances, pointed to the open fireplace, and then turned the prisoner over to them. They yanked Brinsley to his feet and marched him out of the room and down stairs to the patrol wagon. He was taken to the station, the boys following to make the charge.

Next morning he was brought up before a magistrate, who held him for the Grand Jury, before which both Broker Adams and the two boys subsequently appeared to testify against the ex-clerk. Two indictments were found against him. He was tried on the Adams charge, convicted and sent to Sing Sing for a term of years. The second indictment hung fire until his time was out.

Three months elapsed and Bertie hadn't made a dollar since leaving his position as messenger with Broker Gilder. It was about this time that Ed, while standing in the shadow of a big pillar in the corridor of a Wall Street office building, heard two well-known brokers, whom he knew by name and reputation, talking over a plan they had in view for buying up a controlling interest in the Rosedale & Crystal Lake Traction Com-

pany, an independent electric road in the State of New Jersey.

"Not a soul in the Street but you and I, Ludlow, knows that the New Venice summer resort project is an assured fact," said Broker Hayden. "The news, however, will be in the papers probably by Sunday, and then there will be a rush to buy the stock of the traction line, for with such a gigantic amusement enterprise in full swing at Crystal Lake next summer the road will take on an unprecedented business boom."

"That's right. It will," nodded Broker Ludlow, in a tone of interest.

"I calculate that we have five days in which to secure a majority of the stock. One hundred thousand shares, at a par value of \$50, were originally disposed of at about 40, and a \$2,000,000 mortgage was placed on the line to complete it. The failure of Crystal Lake as a summer resort as contemplated at the time has taken the backbone out of the road. It has never paid, and to-day the stock is going a-begging. Some months ago the road was offered to the United Traction Co. at 30, but refused, as, under present aspects, it is of no special value to the traction trust. I doubt if the U. T. would take it to-day at 20, but next week, mark my words, that company will be falling over itself to get the control at 40 and upwards. We have a fortune in sight, Ludlow, and nothing short of the slip of a cog can prevent us reaping a harvest of dollars out of the advance information we have now in our possession."

"The building of the New Venice will certainly double the value of the road's franchise," responded Broker Ludlow.

"It undoubtedly will."

"Now, the question is—can we secure over 50,000 shares of the stock?" said Ludlow.

"I think there is no doubt of it if we work quick. The people who control the road are anxious to get out. I know that for a fact, for they see nothing but a receivership in sight from present indications. Jessup & Co. offered a 10,000 block yesterday for 27, but the best offer they could get was 26. Gordon, Jennings & Co. have been trying to get rid of 10,000 shares for more than a week at 27, and this morning they offered it at 26 7-8, with no takers. David Boothby offered 5,000 shares at 26 5-8 yesterday afternoon, but failed to find a purchaser. Nobody seems to want the stock. A few small parcels have been sold at 26 lately, but that appears to be the sum total of trading done in the stock. So you see everything is in our favor. This afternoon we must raise all the money we can so as to get busy bright and early in the morning. As fast as we buy we can hypothecate it with the Manhattan National for as much as we can get on it. That will enable us to pay for the stock."

"I don't think we should stop at the mere controlling interest," said Ludlow. "As the stock is bound to boom with the publication of the news of the New Venice enterprise, every share we can secure will be so much more profit in our pocket."

"Of course. We must buy to the extent of our pile. If we can secure 75,000 shares, so much the better. We have 25,000 shares in sight, and a tour of the brokerage houses ought to land us as much more. We will make the greatest

coup of the year," said Hayden, rubbing his hands. "Now, just see how much money you can raise between this and three, and meet me at my office at half-past. I'll do my best to get a considerable boodle and then we'll make our plans for the morrow."

With these words the brokers walked off and separated outside, leaving Ed much food for thought.

"Here is the chance of my life," thought the boy. "Those men doubtless intend to sell out in the end to the traction trust. Now that I'm on to the project, I may as well try to corner that stock myself, if I can. With my limited capital the only way I can do is to secure options on as much of the stock as I can run across, unless I could induce Mr. Bailey to buy the shares for me on the usual margin. If he agrees he will no doubt have to hypothecate the shares at his bank as fast as he gets them. The question is will he go into such an arrangement with me? I'll deposit \$160,000 with him as security, and that ought to make him sit up and take notice. He'll suppose I'm acting for some moneyed man who does not want to be known in the transaction. I must get my money and call on him at once."

So Eddie made a bee-line for his safe deposit vaults.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Wall Street Boy Who Won.

"Hello, Eddie," said Broker Bailey, when the boy walked into his office fifteen minutes later. "I hear you're out for yourself now."

"I am. I've got a big deal on hand and I want you to carry it out for me."

"A big deal, eh?"

"Yes. I calculate there is ten to twelve thousand dollars commission in it."

"Whew!" whistled the broker. "What is it?"

"It will take over a million and a half to swing the deal, and I am prepared to put up ten per cent. of that amount as security."

"That looks like business. What is the stock you want me to buy, and how many shares do you want?"

"I want 60,000 shares of Rosedale & Silver Lake Traction, and I authorize you to give as high as 27, but get it lower if you can."

"Rosedale & Silver Lake Traction, eh? Why that seems to be a drug on the market. I suppose you've got hold of a moneyed man who wants to get control of the road. I guess I'll have no great difficulty picking up all you want."

"I can tell you where you can get 25,000 shares right off the reel," said Ed, who then mentioned the three brokerage houses Hayden had referred to.

"I'll get on the job at once. Just write out your order. Did you bring the deposit?"

"I did. There is \$160,000 in that package. Count it and see that it's all right."

Mr. Bailey found the amount correct, and after turning over the money and the order to his cashier, and handing Ed his memorandum of the transaction, he put on his hat and started out to get the stock while Ed, conscious that every dollar he owned in the world was at stake in the biggest deal of his young career, which was to

make or break him in a signal manner, returned to his office.

At four o'clock Bailey's messenger brought him a note stating that he had secured 45,000 shares, and that he expected to get the balance before noon next day. He said he had paid an average price of 26 1-2 for the stock.

Next day at half-past eleven Bertie got word from Bailey that he had the whole number of shares on deposit at his bank, and they were subject to his order. The boy then thought of Nick Pollock, and telegraphed him to come to New York with every dollar he could raise on such short notice. In the meantime Brokers Hayden and Ludlow, when they got busy on the job, discovered that somebody else was ahead of them. This was unpleasant and surprising news for them, but they hustled twice as fast to secure the stock they wanted. After corraling 10,000 shares with a great deal of trouble, they had to go on the floor of the Exchange and bid for the stock. Then its unusual scarcity became apparent. Ludlow finally corraled 5,000 more shares at an average of 33. All sorts of rumors now began to circulate about Rosedale & Crystal Lake Traction, not one of them true, and it became the center of much excitement and speculation. Nick Pollock turned up next afternoon at Ed Bertie's office with \$20,000, and wanted to know what was on the hooks. The boy told him about the traction matter and said he controlled 60,000 shares.

"It is going at 35 now, with little coming to the surface, Mr. Pollock, and I don't know whether I can get you any short of 40. The best I can probably do will be to let you in on my deal to the extent of 5,000 shares at 36 1-2 on a ten per cent. margin. It will cost you \$18,250. I expect to realize at par, which will give you a profit of about \$65,000. If the deal fails you will lose your money, and all I'll save out of \$159,000 will be the money I get from you. Now think it over."

"Well, if you're satisfied to risk every dollar you own I'm game to risk the \$18,000. Here's the money."

On Sunday morning the cat was out of the bag, for every newspaper printed the story of the new amusement enterprise that was about to be inaugurated at Crystal Lake. Then there was a howling and gnashing of teeth among those who had sold their holdings in the Rosedale & Crystal Lake Traction Company. On Monday morning Mr. Bailey, duly instructed, went to see the president of the traction trust. He told that gentleman that he was authorized to dispose of the controlling interest in the R. & C. L. traction for 50 cash. The president took his offer under consideration, called a meeting of the directors, and after some discussion the deal was closed.

When everything was settled, and the money paid over, Bertie found he had made \$1,400,000, making him worth a little over one and a half million altogether. He signaled his wonderful exploit by proposing to Sadie Garwood, and she accepted him. After she said "Yes," he told her about his great success, and she could hardly believe that her fiance was a young millionaire.

Next week's issue will contain "FIRST IN THE FIELD; or, DOING BUSINESS FOR HIMSELF."

GUS AND THE GUIDE

— Or, —

Three Weeks Lost in the Rockies

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued).

One fact was learned, however, and that was that he had been initiated into the Gopher band.

The broncho which was let out now proved to be a little red stallion, entirely unbroken, and as wild as a hawk.

Teddy West took off the bridle, slapped the animal on the flanks, and started it on the run down the valley.

Gus sat motionless in the saddle, holding his lariat until it had about a quarter of a mile start, and then went dashing after it.

The little stallion was to give him a good run, however, for the broncho which he rode was only a colt, and had become somewhat winded.

But Gus managed to get him down to business after a few moments, and soon found himself coming up with the stallion.

He had now passed the turn of the valley, and Gopher George and most of the band had mounted and followed him.

They saw him swing the lariat in fine style, and they cheered as he brought the broncho to his knees.

He had no more than accomplished this when he saw a mounted man come dashing around the second bend in the valley, who was waving his hand above his head in a peculiar way.

"Why, thar comes Ned Rafter. What kin he want?" cried Gopher Jake.

"That's the trouble signal," answered Gopher George. "Let the broncho up, Gus. You can take off the lariat. No more tests needed. You have proved that you are no tenderfoot, all right. We will talk about the rest of it later on."

Gus felt that he had won out as he dismounted to attend to the lassoed broncho, but it was no time for talking, so he stood by his horse in silence while the man Rafter came dashing up.

His horse was all in a lather, and bore the appearance of having been ridden hard and far.

He saluted Gopher George in military style, and exclaimed:

"Trouble, cap! The sheriff and a big posse are in Fire Hole Canyon, looking about for a way into the valley. He is after the Gophers, surest thing!"

"Indeed!" replied Gopher George, assuming an air of indifference which Gus was sure was put on. "And who took him into Fire Hole Canyon, may I ask? Who has given him the steer?"

"Of course I can't tell," answered Rafter, "for all I did was to watch them a while from the top of the pass. But I saw a feller with them what you told me was dead, and I reckon he's the one responsible."

"Not Sile Stump?" cried Gopher George.

"Yes, Sile Stump—either him or his ghost."

"There!" cried Colonel Tolkins, who had man-

aged to get his bulky frame astride of a broncho and had come down the valley with the rest. "What did I tell you, George Brandt. I knowed Sile Stump wasn't dead. You couldn't kill that feller with an axe. He has gone and steered the sheriff down upon us."

CHAPTER XV.

Gut And The Gophers Get On The Move.

To the announcement that Silas Stump was still living, and with the sheriff's posse, Gopher George made no reply for the moment.

Then he quietly said:

"You can remain with us, Gopher Ned. Gopher Jake, get back to camp. Get everything ready. In fifteen minutes we will make a start and pay the sheriff a call. Gus, stay where you are. I want to talk with you."

Gopher George seemed to be a perfect autocrat in his way, and the order was instantly obeyed.

Colonel Tolkins and the girl Belle rode off with the rest, while Brandt urged his broncho forward to where Gus stood.

"You heard what that man said. What do you know about this business?" he demanded.

"Nothing at all," replied Gus, quietly. "How should I? Haven't I been a prisoner in this valley for more than a week? I don't even know what part of the Rocky Mountains I have landed in, or how I came here. There is no use in asking me."

"But it was you who brought Silas Stump up here into the mountains."

"To look for Colonel Tolkins—yes."

"I hope you are telling the truth. I have taken a fancy to you, and I shouldn't want to come up against anything that would change my opinion."

"It isn't likely; there is nothing to come up against."

"Didn't you suppose Sile Stump was dead?"

"I had every reason to believe it from what I saw and heard, and what Belle said."

"You say he went through that gate at the end of the bear's den?"

"He certainly did. I heard him yell, and I heard something fall. You probably know what there is on the other side of that gate, but I don't. You ought to be the best able to decide."

"Beyond that gate there is a drop of forty odd feet. It was put there to keep the bears from falling over."

"And what is below that drop?"

"A stream runs underground there. I never followed it. I don't know that any of my men ever did."

"And what about Jim Gibbons, the bear rancher?"

"Nobody could ever tell what he knew. He was a silent fellow, always wrapped up in himself; but he had lived up here among these mountains for years, and knew the whole region as nobody else ever knew it or ever will, most likely. Pity he is dead. I don't doubt but what he could tell."

"You think he was hugged to death by one of his own bears?" asked Gus, thinking that this was a good time to get a little information.

"Oh, there was no doubt about that," replied

Brandt. "I helped to bury him. Yes, he was certainly hugged to death. There was one big black bear which was dangerous; the rest of the brutes were tame enough. You see, Gibbons made a business of raising them. He got good prices for those he sold, and might have made money; but every time he killed a bear and packed the carcass and skin down to Black Rock he went on a tear, and never stopped until he had drank and gambled away every cent."

"Strange the black bear didn't tackle me, then. He had every chance."

"He thought you were dead," replied Brandt. "It is mighty seldom that a bear will touch a dead man, unless, mebbe, it's a grizzly, and they don't have them kind around here. But this business of Sile Stump is puzzling me, all right. If he is alive he must have found a way out by the underground creek. Mebbe he found a way in here from Fire Hole Canyon. If he did he has got to die—that's all."

"Well, I can't help you any," said Gus. "At least so far as information is concerned. But if you want me to help fight the sheriff, why, just say the word."

"You shall go with us," replied Brandt.

Gus rode back to the camp alongside of George Brandt in silence.

"If I only knew what that man knows," he thought. "Here I have been three weeks lost in the Rockies, and I haven't made an inch of headway toward accomplishing my mission. Yet he could tell me all I want to know; but I suppose it would be equal to signing my death warrant for me to ask even one question."

When they got back to the camp they found that Gopher Jake, who seemed to be second in command, had got everything ready for a start. Colonel Tim eyed Gus closely.

It was perfectly evident that he longed for a chance to speak to him, but did not dare to make the attempt.

"I believe he would tell me everything he knows if I could only get a fair chance to ask him," thought Gus.

But there was to be no chance then, for the start was made within five minutes.

But now the mystery was about to begin to unravel itself. Nothing could have suited Gus's purpose better than to join in this raid, if he had only known it.

But little attention was paid to him now, and he took his place in the rear of the advancing band.

When Belle rode up alongside of him no objection was offered by the Gophers, as Gus thought would be the case.

Colonel Tolkins remained in the camp with one or two Gophers, who had been left behind as guards.

Their way lay down the valley in the direction from which Ned Rafter had come, and before they had gone far Belle brought her broncho up alongside of Gus and dropping behind the rest a little, began to talk.

"You did well to-day," was her first remark. "You are the kind of fellow I like. Nothing can feaze you. I'm glad I saved your life now."

"I certainly am very glad you did," replied Gus, "but I wasn't aware I owed my life to you."

"You do. It was I who found you lying there

by the gate. At first I thought you were dead, and then, when I found you were not, I was going to leave you, but I changed my mind, and sent some of the boys after you. That's the way it came about that you were brought into the Gopher's camp."

"Is it far from here?" asked Gus.

"Is what far?"

"The cave of the bears?"

"About a mile from the camp."

"There is an underground way?"

"Yes, there is, but you needn't ask me any more questions—it is against the rules."

"All right," said Gus, cheerfully. "But you must remember I'm not a Gopher yet, so I haven't got to abide by the rules."

"Don't you ever become one," said Belle, dropping her voice and speaking with great earnestness. "You will regret it to the last day of your life if you do. What does it all amount to? They raid a bank, or a mine, and get a lot of money. Then what do they do? Go down to Boise and drink whisky and gamble until the last penny of it is gone, and they have half killed themselves with drink. Every time they go on these sprees somebody dies, and it takes the rest weeks to get over it. Take my advice, Gus, and escape if you get a chance, and now will be your chance while you ride out of the valley. Will you do this?"

"Will you go with me?" demanded Gus, turning on her suddenly.

"Yes, if there is any show, but where shall I go? What shall I do? My whole life has been spent among these mountains, and——"

"Less talk there in the rear!" shouted Gopher George, looking back. "Close up, you two. No flirting allowed."

"It's a bargain," whispered Gus. "I'll look out for you, Belle."

"Oh, if you only would!" murmured the girl. "You remember when I shot at you? Well, it was done at my father's order—not that I wanted to injure you, for I tried not to hit you."

Gus was glad of the interruption.

"I had better look out what I say," he thought. "Next time she will think I mean to marry her, and that's away out of my calculations."

A few minutes later they came to a place where there was a steep trail up the mountainside, and they began to ascend, winding up in single file until they had almost reached the top, when further advance was cut off by a projecting wall of rock which rose above them to a height of nearly a hundred feet.

"Halt!" cried Gopher George. "We must not forget that we have a new recruit among us. Gopher Jake, blindfold that boy!"

To be blindfolded was the one thing Gus dreaded, for he had set his heart on locating the entrance to the secret valley if he could.

"What's the matter with cutting that business out?" he called back, boldly. "I'm a good hand to keep a secret. Since I am going to be a Gopher as soon as this fight is over what difference does it make?"

"That's so," cried Gopher Jake. "Don't let's stop for nothing, cap. What is there for the boy to see, anyhow? He couldn't work the rifle if he tried."

(To be continued.)

Interesting Radio News and Hints

RATIOS

When a transformer is rated with a 5 to 1 ratio it means that the secondary has approximately five times as many turns of wire as the primary. Distortion is less when low ratio transformers are used.

A CHANGE IN METERS

If commercial spark stations used the 900-meter wavelength they would seriously interfere with Canadian compass stations operating on 800 meters and with radio beacons working in 1,000 meters, as well as United States compass stations. At a radio conference held in New York the following plan was suggested to eliminate spark interference: All ship and short stations will call on 600 meters. After the call has established communication ships can handle traffic on 600 or 706 meters, and shore stations along the New England Coast and in the vicinity of New York will have special wavelengths assigned between 600 and 735 meters on which they will handle traffic. The 450-meter wavelength for commercial use will be abolished. It is expected that most of the spark stations will be replaced by continuous wave transmitters.

"WILD-CAT" PARTS

The entry of popular broadcasting into the radio game created such a demand for parts and sets that the existing manufacturers were wholly unable to supply the demand, and a great number of new manufacturers commenced to make radio parts. The result was that a great mass of poor quality radio apparatus was placed on the market. A certain class of manufacturers were honest enough, but lacking in experience and knowledge of the fundamentals required for the manufacture of first-class radio apparatus.

Some manufacturers do not hesitate to copy some well-established product detail for detail down to the last nut, using raw materials in inferior quality and market it under a trade name similar to the well-known product. Unless you are familiar with the real article you will have difficulty in distinguishing between the two when purchasing material for your radio set. The result of using materials of this kind cannot be anything other than a poor working receiver. Buy apparatus made by a manufacturer who has made good and whose apparatus is handled by legitimate dealers.

On the other hand, there are a great many manufacturers who are absolutely honest and painstaking to see that nothing but first-class apparatus bears their trademark. These men spend many thousands of dollars in experimental work before bringing new apparatus on the market with the assurance that their work will be recognized and appreciated by the buying public.

A POPULAR CIRCUIT

The three circuit is probably the most popular circuit ever designed. It has been the standard receiver at amateur stations for the past eight

years and during the past two years it has been very popular with the broadcast listeners. The receiver has four tuning controls and may seem rather difficult to operate at first, but after the operator becomes accustomed to it it is easy to work and will produce most remarkable results.

The parts required for the construction of a three circuit tuner are as follows:

- One variocoupler.
- One variometer.
- One variable condenser (17 plate).
- One socket.
- One detector tube.
- One grid condenser (.00025 mfd fixed).
- One grid leak (fixed).
- Panel, batteries, phones, etc.

The variocoupler to be used in this receiver should be one of the standard 180 degree type. A large size wire should be used on both the primary and secondary windings, and the primary coil should be tapped in tens and units. The taps from the variocoupler should be connected to two switches located on the front of the panel.

The variometer may either be a model or wooden instrument as both designs will give excellent results if properly constructed. One of the most important things to be considered when selecting a variometer is the method by which contact is made to the rotor coil. Some variometers have a hollow shaft through which two flexible wires from the rotor coil are brought. This design, as well as any other design, that makes use of flexible connections, is excellent.

Other requirements to be considered when selecting a variometer are: First, that the coupling between the rotor and stator coils should be as close as possible; second, that the terminals of the variometer should be well insulated from each other, and, third, that a large size wire should be used on the windings.

The other apparatus used in the receiver should be the best obtainable.

In mounting the apparatus on a panel an endeavor should be made to keep the parts well separated. The best size panel for this set is a composition panel seven inches high by twenty-four inches long, and the variocoupler and the variometer should be mounted as far apart as possible, i. e., they should be mounted at opposite ends of the panel. The variable condenser should be mounted next to the variocoupler and the tube equipment should be placed between the condenser and the variometer. This panel arrangement makes possible the shortest wiring and will, therefore, give the best results.

In wiring the set the wires in the grid and plate circuits should be kept separate from everything and as short as possible. The wire between the grid condenser and the socket probably has the greatest effect upon the operation of the receiver, for if it is more than one or two inches long it will cause the receiver to tune broad and the results will be very unsatisfactory.

PUTS IN \$5 AS A PENNY

A myopic worshipper recently put a \$5 gold piece in the collection plate at the First Baptist Church, Middletown, Conn. The church treasurer was delighted when he discovered it.

The following day the man who had deposited it claimed the coin, saying he thought it was a penny when he put it on the plate. The church clerk was in favor of keeping the \$5 anyhow, but the treasurer gave it back to its owner, who was so gratified that he gave the official a quarter "for your honesty."

UNIQUE NAILBRUSH

In the washroom of a club in one of the fashionable districts of London in a queer contrivance, which upon examination turns out to be a stationary nail brush. It is a large affair, fastened on supports and with the brush turned upward. Some one commented upon it and a member of the club explained. About half of the members are young Scotchmen. And, he added, that a large number of them came out of the war with but one arm. The stationary nail brush was for their convenience.

FORD PAID EMPLOYEES \$253,001,528 in 1924

Employees in the Ford organization were paid more than 250,000,000 in wages and salaries in 1924, according to the payroll totals made public at the office of the Ford Motor Company.

The largest payrolls were at the Highland Park and River Rouge plants of the company at Detroit, the total for these two alone reaching the enormous figure of \$172,145.66 for the last year.

At other plants and at branches throughout the country the company in 1924 paid employees a total of \$72,532,476.53. The figures given out also include wages and salaries paid at the Lincoln Motor Company, a division of the Ford Motor Company; the C. E. Pohansson Company, Inc., and the Fordson Coal Company, which totaled \$8,648,906.18, bringing the grand total for the organization up to \$253,001,528.37.

BURN PRIEST ALIVE

Father Andrae Fedoukovitch, a Polish Catholic priest, has been burned alive in the town of Jitomir. The authorities allege that his assailants were agents of the Polish secret police.

The murderers poured kerosene over the priest's body and then ignited it, say the advices from Jitomir describing the crime, the unfortunate man writhing in agony while his assassins looked on unmoved.

Father Fedoukovitch was the author of a widely known letter to the Pope in which he protested to the Vatican against the participation of Polish clergymen in the anti-Soviet campaign. His friends declare that he was killed by his enemies

for divulging to the authorities the activities of Polish spies in the Ukraine.

The crime has caused a sensation throughout the religion.

THE ELEPHANT "JUMBO"

Jumbo was a large African elephant captured when young and taken from Egypt to Europe when he was four feet high. When he was three years old he was removed from the Jardin des Plantes in Paris to the Royal Zoological Gardens in London (the London Zoo). For 20-odd years the animal remained there and was very popular with the children. In 1882 he was purchased for \$10,000 by P. T. Barnum, the American showman, to form one of his attractions of Barnum's Circus. With some difficulty Jumbo was placed on shipboard and brought to this country. He was exhibited for three years, when he was accidentally killed by a railway train at St. Thomas, Canada, on Sept. 15, 1885, while crossing the tracks, to be loaded into the circus train. His age at the time of his death was from 29 to 31 years. His height was 11 feet 6 inches and he weighed six tons. His skeleton is at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., and his skin (mounted) at the Barnum Museum, Tufts College.

PLUCK AND LUCK

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

NEW KLONDIKE IN SIBERIA

Gold is being found in such large quantities in the Alden region of the Yakutsk district of Siberia that the new area is described as a second Klondike. Nearly 200,000 ounces of the metal has been obtained by primitive methods, and thousands of prospectors are flocking there to share in the discovery.

It is expected the Government will take over the mines to increase the state gold reserve.

IOWA FARMER'S COW EARNS \$467 IN YEAR

What can be done in a year's time from one good cow, in dollars and cents, has been shown by Dee Willman, of Bedford, Iowa, who owns a milch cow of the Jersey type and breeding.

This Jersey cow in one year and a day made Mr. Willman \$467.11. Besides this amount a family of five has been kept in milk and butter. High tests on the old milk runs about 7 per cent. and the cow is now approaching the age of ten years.

SMALLEST ELECTRIC BULB

What are believed to be the largest and smallest electric light bulbs ever made have arrived in Washington for exhibition at the Smithsonian Institution from the Edison Electric Light Company of New Jersey. The messenger who brought the bulbs had to engage a section on the train to provide space for the packing case that contained the 40,000-watt giant. The tiny "grain of wheat" bulb, as it is called, being about that size, he carried, carefully wrapped in tissue paper and a sealed envelope, in his pocket.

STATUES IN BLACK HILLS

Discussion of a great sculpture project at Harney Peak in the Black Hills of South Dakota, for which Gutzon Borium, sculptor, announced he had accepted a contract, has been under way for several months.

The Legislature which adjourned recently, authorized that the work be done, but appropriated no funds for the project.

It has been proposed to procure the necessary

money through popular subscription and other means.

Preliminary plans call for heroic statues of Lincoln and Washington carved out of the rock on Harney Peak. These statues, according to Doane Robinson, State Historian, one of its enthusiastic sponsors, would be the largest the world has known.

Borglum visited the Black Hills last fall and said the rock and arrangement of the site was ideal for the venture. He declared that it is one of few places in the world where rock can be obtained suitable for the prospect in mind. The sculpturing will cost more than \$1,000,000, Robinson estimated.

LAUGHS

"What is a margin, pa?" "A margin, my boy, is much the same as a verge. When you buy stocks on a margin you are on the verge of losing your money."

"Bowers is rather an excitable chap, isn't he?" "I should say he is! Why, he admost got a stroke of apoplexy the other night while watching a chess tournament."

"Now," said the nervous old lady to the druggist, "are you sure you have that medicine mixed right?" "No, ma'am," said the conscientious apothecary. "I wouldn't go as far as that, but I've got it mixed the way the doctor ordered it."

"That automobile I bought a year ago has never cost me a cent for repairs." "You're lucky." "Oh, I don't know. You see, I ran it into a stone wall the first day I had it and sold what was left of the machine was junk."

"Well, Dinah, I hear you are married." "Yassum," said the former cook, "I'se done got me a man now." "Is he a good provider?" "Yassum. He's a mighty good pervider, but I'se powerful skeered he's gwine ter git kotched at it."

"Seems to me them city folks is a mighty careless, unbusinesslike lot," said Uncle Hiram. "I bought a pianny for my wife down to Bosting last week, and when the derved thing came the fellers I bought it of forgot to send any rules along tellin' us how to play it."

"Ladies an' gen'l'men," said Sam Johnson to the invited guests who had filled his cabin to overflowing since 3 p. m., "I'm mighty sorry to have to tell you all that there ain't goin' to be no party to-night, 'cause that white man that owed me fifteen cents ain't paid me yet!"

The head of a certain well-known family was recently approached by his son, just nearing his majority. "Father," said he, "I want to have a talk with you concerning my future. I have decided to become an artist. Have you any objections?" The old man scratched his head reflectively and replied: "Well no, my son—provided, of course, you don't draw on me."

HERE AND THERE

ILLEGAL CARPET

Customs officers at New York have seized a tapestry rug, 3 by 6½ feet, made in Turkey in duplication of a \$1 United States Treasury note of the series of 1898. The images resemble the heads of Lincoln and Grant and it bears the serial number "V 20166372-A." The black and blue woven engravings are of felt on the background on silver white. It also contains the random blue and red threads noticeable on any note. It is a violation of the law to reproduce United States money or United States postage stamps in any form.

ABOUT ESPERANTO

Esperanto was invented by Dr. Louis Zamenhof of Warsaw, as a medium of communication between people speaking different languages and first given to the world in 1887. It was built up of elements found in most Aryan tongues and is easily learned since the pronunciation is phonetic and there are no irregularities or exceptions to rules. It is stated that the grammar (containing 17 terminations and 30 prefixes and affixes) can be learned in an hour. In any case a student who has average intelligence can learn the language in a few months. The name "Esperanto" means "the hoping one." The language was introduced into Great Britain in 1902 and has spread into practically every civilized country in the world. Its teaching is compulsory in Russian schools, and it is taught in many British schools. The International Association of Ex-Service Men employ Esperanto as a medium of communication. A number of periodicals are published in this language and many books have been printed in it. Many great international Esperanto conferences have been attended by delegates from all parts of the world.

RADIO CAN RUN ELECTRIC TRAINS

"Through the use of modern developments in radio, it is entirely possible to operate electric trains from a central control office," said G. Y. Allen, of the radio department of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, in discussing the subject of "Railroad Radio" before the New York Railroad Club recently.

"I do not wish to be understood as advocating the elimination of motorman, conductor and crew, for no technical device, however perfect, can take the place of human intelligence," continued Mr. Allen, "but it is interesting to note some of the possibilities of radio control.

"It is now entirely feasible, through a combination of automatic control and radio supervisory control, to start a train without a crew, run it at full speed over clear tracks, slow it down or stop it, in accordance with the signals of an automatic block-signaling system; start it up again and open its doors," said Mr. Allen.

The radio features of this system, according to Mr. Allen, are of the "carrier current" type—namely, radio waves which travel along the power lines of the railroad instead of spreading out through the ether, as in ordinary broadcasting.

By using this system the waves can be directed to any desired point and can be utilized to operate switches and other devices as well as to carry on conversation. This system was being used by electric power and street railway companies for controlling district switches and for talking between points, said Mr. Allen.

INTERESTING ITEMS

An artist in New York City has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for producing artificial wounds in professional beggars, by means of iodine, colors, and bandages.

Epernay, France, is undermined with miles of vaults, hewn out of the solid chalk on which the city is built. These vaults are used chiefly for the storage of wine. One winehouse has vaults covering an area of 45,000 acres.

Some of the students in Paris, when perusing ancient books in the National Library, protect themselves with muzzles. This is done to prevent the inhalation of dangerous microbes said to infest old volumes.

A Frenchman has invented a machine for dealing cards that is said to make misdeals impossible.

The Chinese are the only people in the world who fish with an unbaited hook. The fish become impaled on a line of these hooks drawn through the water.

In a billiard room in Paris is a billiard table made of glass. It is much more difficult to make a shot upon it than upon the ordinary baize-covered table.

In the sandy deserts of Arabia whirling winds sometimes excavate pits two hundred feet in depth, extending down to the harder stratum on which the great bed of sand rests.

Some of the women of Siam intrust their children to the care of the elephant nurses, and it is said that the trust is never betrayed. The babies play about the huge feet of the elephants, who are very careful never to hurt their little charges.

Hermetically sealed glass coffins are coming in vogue in French cities. It is asserted that a body buried in a glass coffin becomes mummified in about thirty years.

London has no fewer than nineteen King streets, without reckoning any there may be in the suburbs; and "Queen" is the designation given to thirty-four streets and squares.

A waterproof cloak costs about twenty cents in Japan. It is made of oiled paper, and will last one year with ordinary usage. They are worn chiefly by coolies, who draw handcarts in the streets.

When the United States government took over the Pribiloff Islands in Bering Sea along with Alaska the Russian colonists became in a measure wards of the nation, but they have remained true to the influence to which they were first subjected, and in some respects are to-day more Russian than American at heart. All of them are members of the Russian church and all of them have Russian names. They are most highly civilized, best clothed, best fed and most healthy of all the natives of Alaska.

POINTS OF INTEREST

SECRET OF LONG LIFE

Seventy years old looks about fifty and feels even younger, is an apt description of Elmer Gray, assistant County Attorney of Hennepin County, Minn. He says it is all because for more than thirty-five years he has gone without eating noon lunch. By not eating the 13,000 meals he conservatively estimates that he has saved \$3,250, but wishes some one to tell him where it is.

LOST CITY OF VINETA

Off Arkona, at the northern extremity of the Baltic Island of Ruegen, deep-sea fishermen have discovered on the sea bottom the remains of a large mediaeval warship, with many of her old guns still on board. From their workmanship it is thought that the vessel was a Dutch warship.

The diver who brought up the guns baintains that near the ship he saw dimly the remains of immense walls. This has started the theory that the site has been discovered of the long-lost city of Vineta, which was swallowed up by the Baltic 825 years ago, about the time when the North Sea engulfed the Isle of Lomea and formed the Goodwin Sands.

The legend of lost Vineta has been sung in German verse. Fishermen on calm nights often say they can hear the sunken city's bells.

OIL-BURNING AUTOMOBILES TESTED

In an attempt to develop an automobile engine that can be operated without the use of gasoline (an expensive item in these days) a French auto manufacturing firm has built a car and engine that operates with oil. A test run of 800 miles was made and the average fuel consumption for the entire trip was one gallon of oil every fifteen miles. It is said that the running cost was approximately one-eighth that of a gasoline-driven car. The engine is considerably smaller and lighter than the average car. The manufacturing company has announced that, while it is not entirely satisfied with the results of the trial trip, it believes that remarkable progress has been made in the right direction and that it is only a question of time until oil-burning engines will entirely replace the gasoline-driven ones.

The development will be watched with much interest on this side of the Atlantic, for the constantly increasing cost of gasoline has been a source of worry to the millions of auto owners here, just as it has in France and all of the European countries.

MODERN GIANTS

Marie Fassnauer, a Tyrolese wowan, towers to the height of eight feet. But Marie, in spite of her many inches, is not the most exalted lady who ever lived. Just a quarter of a century ago, says the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, the world gazed with

craned head and open mouth at a still taller giantess who looked down on her admirers from a height of eight feet two inches and who was said to be "still growing."

"Marian," as this remarkable maiden was called, had been born only sixteen years earlier in a village near the Thuringian Mountains, and the "Amazon Princess" was for some months the greatest attraction in the spectacles of "Babil and Bijou" at the Alhambra Theatre—a character in which she wore a wonderful suit of armor and was crowned with a towering headdress, the topmost plume of which was a good ten feet from the stage.

Nor was Marian distinguished only by her great height; for she had a beautifully proportioned figure, a distinctively pretty face and a most amiable disposition. This magnificent creature had a very brief tenure of life, for she died at Berlin less than two years later and before she had seen her eighteenth birthday.

In 1869 and 1870 Miss Anna H. Swan, the Nova Scotia giantess, caused considerable sensation. Miss Swan seemed destined from the cradle to be a woman of abnormal dimensions, for though her father, a Scottish immigrant, was barely five feet six inches high and her mother was half a foot shorter still, Miss Ann reached six feet at the age of 11, and at 15 was the tallest person in Nova Scotia. For a time she was the chief attraction of Barnum's great show, and during this period twice narrowly escaped death from fire. She had, too, some histrionic ability, as was proved when she appeared as Lady Macbeth in New York, and before going to England she made a triumphant tour of the United States.

In her prime Miss Swan was but a few inches short of eight feet, and she found an appropriate husband in Capt. Martin Bates, the Kentucky giant, who was actually two inches taller than herself.

Chang the Chinese giant who ended his days at Bournemouth not many years ago, was a man of enormous size, standing over eight feet in his socks, but he used to declare that he had a sister at home in China who could easily look over his head. This remarkable lady was eight feet four inches in height and had a hand with a span of two feet.

Robert Hales, the Norfolk giant who caused a great sensation in England about half a century ago, was a member of a very remarkable family, which included some women of extraordinary stature. His father, a farmer, was six feet six inches high, and although his mother was but a paltry six feet it is said that she had an ancestor in the sixteenth century who stood four inches over eight feet.

Of the children of this couple the four sons averaged six feet five inches, and five daughters but one and one-half inch less. Robert, the tallest member of the family, was a little over seven and one-half feet high, and measured sixty-four inches and sixty-two inches around the waist and chest, respectively, while the tallest of the sisters, who died at 20, was seven feet two inches in height and of proportionate build.



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Ford Given

5 1 19 25 Solve This Puzzle—Win 5,000 Votes

6 15 18 25 15 21



What words do these numbers make? The numbers in the squares represent letters of the alphabet. Figure 1 is A, 2 is B and so on. The ten figures spell three words. What are the words?
Many Prizes and Cash Rewards
Get your share of these EASY-TO-WIN prizes. Besides the Ford Touring Car I am going to give Radio Sets, Phonographs, Gold Watches, Silverware, etc., and Cash Rewards in my contest for more readers.
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We have given away many Autos. Now we will give a new latest model Ford Sedan completely equipped, delivered freight and tax paid. The ideal car for all-year use.

19 5 4 1 14 7 9 22 5 14

Can You Solve This Puzzle?
The alphabet is numbered—A is 1, B is 2, etc. What two words are represented by the figures? (19 is letter S). **SEND NO MONEY**—just write the two words and your name and address. Prizes awarded July 6, 1925.
Send Answer Today Besides Sedan we give away Phonographs, Bicycles, Watches, etc., and hundreds of dollars in cash. **EVERYBODY REWARDED!** Nothing difficult to do; all can share in Cash and Prizes. In case of tie prizes will be duplicated. You can win the Sedan and bring to you and your loved-ones the joys only a Sedan can give. **Send answer TODAY** and receive instructions how you may win Sedan.
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You Can Win a Sedan
Surely you want this latest model Ford Sedan. Write me today.



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HOW TO BECOME STRONG

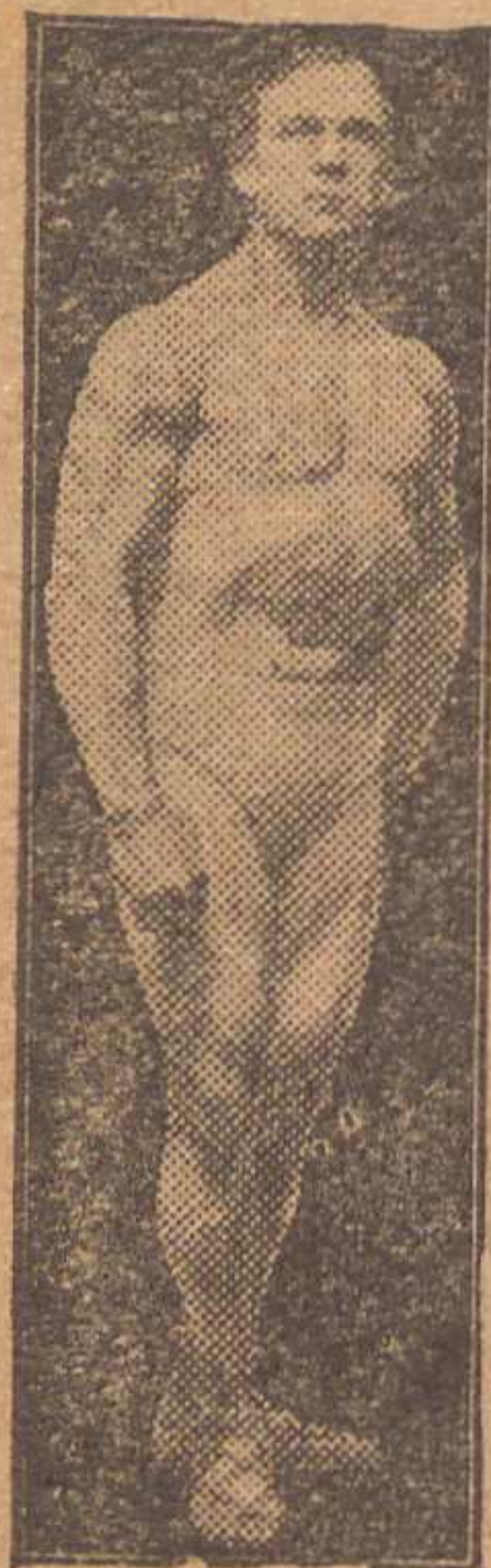
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WITH PINE

Southern pine lumbermen are employing more economic methods of using forest materials than were used in the early days of lumbering in the South. A greater proportion of the trees is being used, and there is less waste of wood than formerly, the Alabama forestry Commission concludes, after a survey of lumber manufacturing conditions in that State. The announcement of the Alabama Forestry Commission's findings sets forth some of the reasons. The statement says:

"Two decades ago forests were so extensive that the public refused to accept lumber material other than the best grades cut from trees of the most desirable species. As a result of this feature of the demand, lumbermen were obliged to leave in the woods much material that would have been medium and lower grades of lumber, provided that the buying public would accept it.

"With the diminution of the forests, however, the public has realized that the choice grades of lumber can no longer be obtained at low prices, and builders and other consumers are becoming accustomed to the use of material that formerly no one would buy."

VALUE OF THE PORPOISE

In this hastening age of ours, when even seconds count in business life, it may sound paradoxical to say that we owe our punctuality and time saving to the playful porpoise. And yet such, indeed, is the fact, for watches, clocks and the still more dignified chronometer would not run month in and month out with regularity but for the lubricant obtained from its jaws. This oil has the unique property of being able to retain its fluidity summer and winter, and there is an authentic record of the lubricant doing its work at a temperature of quite 100 degrees below the freezing point.

A variety of other oils have been tried for the same service, but all of them have proved far less reliable. In a watch or chronometer the oil must stay where put—it must not “creep” over the mechanism and thus steal away from its proper post of duty. Therefore, it ought not to run away in the presence of considerable heat. Neither should the oil oxidize, evaporate or grow rancid. These exacting requirements are met in their entirety only by porpoise jaw oil,

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AGENTS—WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES.

Sell Madison “Better-Made” shirts for large Manufacturer, direct to wearer. No capital, or experience required. Many earn \$100 weekly and bonus. Madison Corp., 501 Broadway, New York.

HELP WANTED

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE.

Work home or travel, experience unnecessary. Write George R. Wagner, former Govt. Detective, 1968 Broadway, N. Y.

SILVERING Mirrors. French plate. Easily learned; immense profits. Plans free. Wear Mirror Works, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

EARN \$25 weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Copyright book free.

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ARE YOU LONESOME? Write Betty Lee, Inc., Box 820, City Hall Station, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

MARRY? Hundreds, wealthy, everywhere, seeking companions. Plain sealed particulars **FREE**. Results guaranteed. Smith, Box-1167K, Denver, Colo.

LONESOME, WANTING REAL FRIEND

Write Sunshine, Box 93, Times Plaza, Brooklyn, N. Y. Confidential. Stamp appreciated.

HUNDREDS seeking marriage. If sincere enclose stamp. Mrs. F. Willard, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

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MARRY IF LONELY “Home Maker”; hundreds rich; reliable, years experience; descriptions free. The Successful Club, Box 556, Oakland, California.

TIRES WITH 500 NAIL HOLES LEAK NO AIR

A new puncture-proof inner tube has been invented by a Mr. H. G. Milburn of Chicago. In actual test it was punctured 500 times without the loss of air. This wonderful new tube increases mileage from 10,000 to 12,000 miles and eliminates changing tires. It costs no more than the ordinary tube. Mr. H. G. Milburn, 331 West 47th St., Chicago, wants them introduced everywhere and is making a special offer to agents. Write him today.

MARRIAGE PAPER—20th year. Big issue with descriptions, photos, names and addresses. 25 cents. No other fee. Sent sealed. Box 2265, R, Boston, Mass.

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